

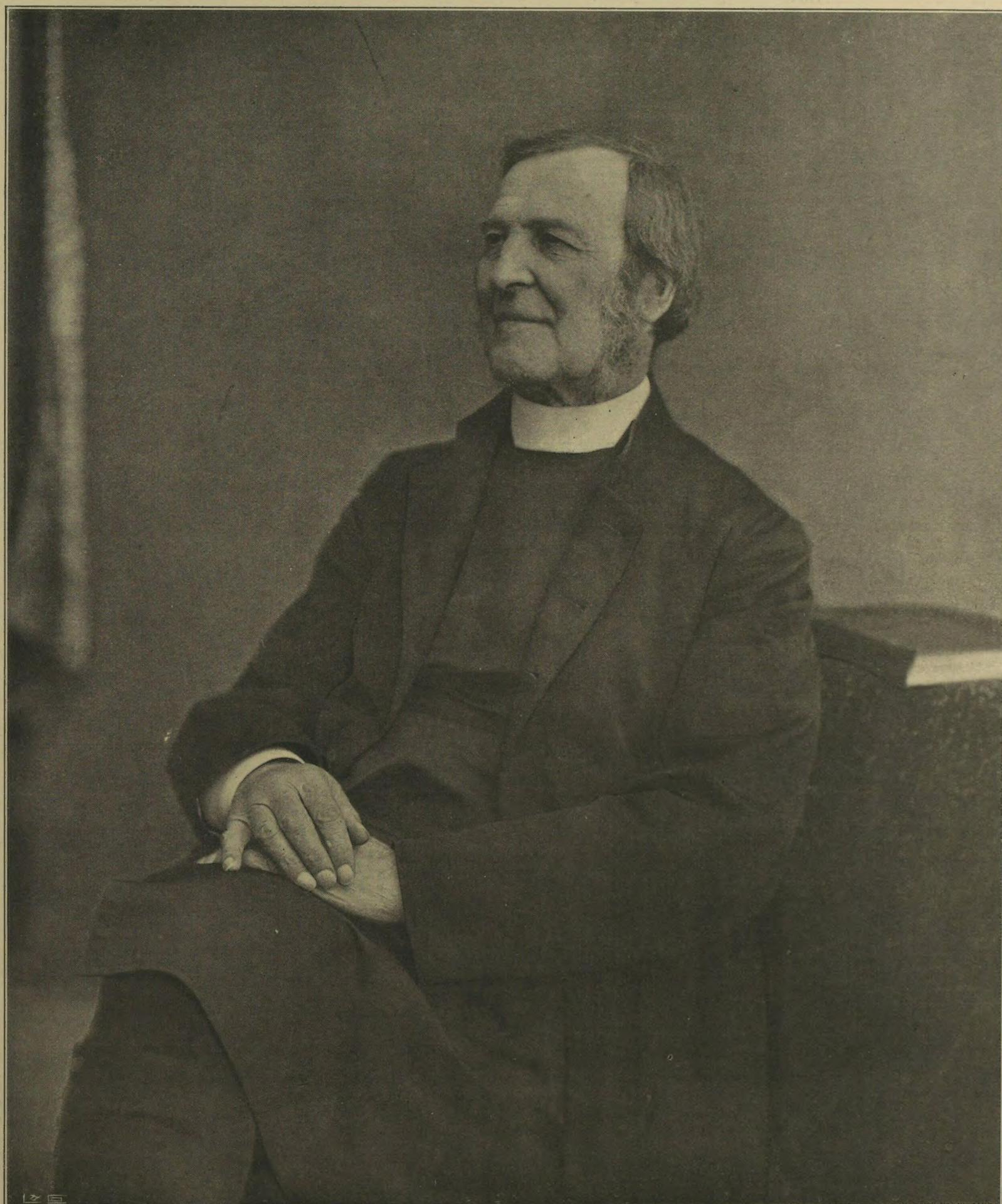
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RESIDENTIAL CASTLES OF GREAT BRITAIN }
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THE ARCHBISHOP-DESIGNATE OF CANTERBURY: THE RIGHT REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street,

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Among the many accomplishments attributed to the late Archbishop is that of penmanship, with the unexpected "rider" that it gave a tone to the handwriting of his Wellington pupils. As he was not their writing-master, this statement seems to require explanation. In my time it was observed with justice that Etonians all wrote a bad hand; but this was not from bad teaching, for calligraphy was not included in the curriculum of the establishment. If handwriting can be caught in youth like the measles, what becomes of the science of detecting character by this means? This art, indeed, resembles that of prophecy, which is seldom successful except after the event. With the handwriting of various eminent persons before us with whose performances we are acquainted, it is not difficult to assign in each case its characteristic significance. Thus Oldys, the antiquary, remarks that the vehemence of the nature of Henry VIII. conveyed itself into his writing: "bold, hasty, and commanding," it reveals alike, he says, "the assertor of the Pope's supremacy and its triumphant destroyer"; whereas James I. "writ a poor ungainly character, all awry and not in a straight line," as might be expected from what we know of him.

I have little acquaintance with royal penmanship, but I am possessed of examples of the handwriting of many literary persons of eminence, both "those dead leaves which keep their green, the noble letters of the dead," and those I am glad to think, of the living; but I do not find this theory corroborated in either case. There is something separate in the style of writing in all of them, but nothing can be deduced from them (to my eye at least) as regards character. Nor can that flattering unction which bad writers lay to their souls concerning the connection between genius and illegibility be drawn from them. Some of these eminent scribes are, indeed, very difficult to decipher; their letters are never ephemeral to their recipients, for they last them a long time. Weeks after date new ideas are always cropping out, which have been concealed as it were in cypher. But, on the other hand, some can be read with the same ease with which we read their works in print. There is no obscurity, for example, in the author of "The Vestiges," who stands for calligraphy perhaps at the head of the class. The handwriting of the creator of Sherlock Holmes, again, where one might naturally expect subtlety, is as plain as a pikestaff; that of "Vice Versa," so far from exhibiting topsy-turvydom, beats any typewriting for clearness; and William Black must be as dear to his printers as to his public. The poet has ungallantly described feminine calligraphy as "such a hand as when a field of corn bows all its ears before the roaring East"; but, as a matter of fact, the handwriting of women is not less distinctive than that of men. Miss Martineau, indeed, so far from belonging to the type described in "The Princess," is singularly bold, and Miss Mitford, though small and delicate, scarcely inclines at all. Of the many specimens before me, the handwriting of Charles Dickens (a very good one) is the only one that is embellished with anything like a flourish, and even that is confined to his autograph.

This seems strange enough when one remembers the florid style of the writing-masters a generation or so ago, which in older times was even more strongly marked. "Never," says Disraeli the elder, "has there been a race of professors of any sort who have exceeded in solemnity and pretension the practitioners in this simple and mechanical craft." In Queen Elizabeth's time the writing of Master Peter Bale is mentioned by Holinshed as though he were a great historical character. He challenged all the world to excel his skill, and gave a golden pen (not such as now are advertised, but one costing £20) as a prize for penmanship. It was to be given to him who wrote "best, straightest, and fastest, and most kind of ways." This last admitted of any kind of fancy writing, on which these professors chiefly piqued themselves.

Misprints in newspapers have often been the cause of amusement, but seldom have they led a painstaking and prosaic individual into a more ridiculous error than that into which I fell in a recent "Note." A newspaper paragraph informed me that a colony of Drunkards had lately been established in the United States. It now turns out that the word ought to have been printed "Dunkards," a much less numerous but more respectable sect. Many are the letters I have received upon the subject from citizens of the United States. One of them says: "Rather a large smile is going round here about you just now." Another is so good as to inform me that "the Dunkards are a religious body of German Americans, properly called 'Brethren,' originating in the Pietist movement in Germany at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Driven from that country by persecution between 1719 and 1729, they settled in Pennsylvania and subsequently in the neighbouring States. They hold Baptist views, are opposed to war and litigation, practise various primitive rites such as the kiss of peace, and resemble the Society of Friends in requiring extreme plainness of language and dress." To have described these excellent persons as Drunkards is certainly very droll, but it was not my fault.

There was an account in these columns the other day of a gentleman who by concealing his knowledge of foreign languages when abroad had obtained an accurate if somewhat humiliating knowledge of what other people thought of him. But the perusal of a recent breach-of-promise case reveals another and much more trustworthy method of having one's own deficiencies expressed. As in these delicate cases, in order to reduce the damages, it is usual for the counsel for the defence to depreciate his client as much as possible, it seems that there is sometimes a conference between them, to which the usual intermediary, the solicitor, is not invited. This saves the defendant from revealing to a third party such drawbacks to his eligibility at least as the counsel rejects as being unnecessary or injudicious to enlarge upon in court. It is, therefore, very difficult (though it would be exceedingly interesting) to get at all that could be said against a gentleman thus situated. The only approach to a description of what might be urged under such circumstances is to be found in that inimitable scene where Mr. Sampson Brass is drawing up the descriptive advertisement of his client Quilp, supposed to be dead—

"It is a melancholy pleasure to recall his traits respecting his legs now?"

"Crooked, certainly," said Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Do you think they were crooked?" said Brass in an insinuating tone. "I think I see them now coming up the street—very wide apart, in nankeen pantaloons a little shrunk and without straps. Ah! what a vale of tears we live in! Do we say crooked?"

"I think they were a little so," observed Mrs. Quilp with a sob.

"Legs crooked," said Brass, writing as he spoke. "Large head, short body, legs crooked."

"Very crooked," suggested Mrs. Jiniwin.

"We'll not say very crooked, Ma'am," said Brass piously. "Let us not bear hard upon the weaknesses of the deceased. He is gone, Ma'am, to where his legs will never come into question."

But in such a case as we are considering there would be no attempt to palliate what is crooked. The client himself would suggest it, and the counsel probably add a trait or two that would exaggerate it in the eyes of the jury. All the usual points of sight of ourselves would be inverted; the object of examiner and examinee would be alike and equally depreciatory. "Now may I say that you are an habitual drunkard?" "Well, I have sometimes thought I might be; I do drink claret and things." "That means that you are given to liquor; good. Now as respects temper?" "Well, I am sometimes angry, though it doesn't last long." "Just so; you are what is called short-tempered—a very unpleasant thing in a husband. And when you are in those states of fury I daresay you scarcely know what you are saying?" "I do occasionally use a big big D." "Language disgusting; excellent. And now about your people?" "They are nothing remarkable." "Not as to position; I've got that down; low birth; but have any of them been eccentric?" "Well, the governor used to be rather wild about going abroad every year; Uncle Jim was just like him, though the Mater hated it: they were all three kept in quarantine once for three weeks." "Capital: madness in the family; father and uncle in confinement." One can only guess, of course, at the character of such a scene. It is a picture of human nature of which there is, unhappily, only an extremely private view, but one would dearly like to be admitted to it.

There is a discussion going on as to what name is usually given in fiction to a naughty boy, who becomes, of course, father to the man. The suffrage of readers as regards the candidates for this bad eminence declares itself, it seems, in favour—if we can call it favour—of Tom. The second best—or, rather, worst—is Dick. It would be curious to trace how this prejudice comes about. It can have nothing to do with English history, so far, at least, as our Kings are concerned; for there has been no King Tom; and if humpbacked Richard had a bad record—until recent years, when he has been partly whitewashed—the Lion Heart was a popular favourite. If our royalties had anything to do with it, James ought to be very far down; whereas nobody has a word to say against James, who, indeed, in all relations of life is allowed to be exemplary. There is none that smells so sweet in the whole garden of names, though there may be one or two Jameses who have, so to speak, disappointed their backers—their godfathers and godmothers—and proved the rule by the exception. Again, one knows—or, at least, I know—some quite respectable Toms. Perhaps they got their ill name from the unbelieving Apostle; or was it from Hogarth's Thomas Idle; or was it from that still earlier Thomas (in his tenderer years called Tommy) who put pussy in the well, or from Tom the piper's son who stole the pig? Perhaps *Notes and Queries* can enlighten us upon this interesting subject. As for Dick, one does not find him either in fact or fiction so very bad, only dreadfully wild. Dick Swiveller is most attractive in many ways, but scarcely a person of high moral principles. Dick Whittington, to be sure, was very successful in the commercial line, but Bohemian; he finds no place among the worthies of Mr. Smiles. One may come to town with half-a-crown, but not with a cat, in one's pocket. Jack is out of the catalogue altogether: he always goes to sea, and is not a land-boy at all. It is curious what a run there has been on these names in fiction to the exclusion of others. The novelist rarely uses George for his early

books, but when he has used up the other names for his literary offspring, he is glad enough to get him. Prolific writers find the same difficulty as to choice in this matter as the fathers of large families. By-the-bye, there is Willie—"Oh! Willie, we have missed you"—almost always a good boy, but not very bright, and generally connected with the agricultural interest.

It takes a good many years for "the last survivor" of any event to die out. It is too good a place for anyone to give up voluntarily, and if other veterans "lag superfluous on the stage," he is well convinced that it is not *his* case. On the other hand, it is very uncommon for an individual to boast of his being the last survivor of an event he never witnessed. Setting aside the fact that in extreme old age few persons have much talent for such duplicity, or even the imagination for it, it is a very difficult rôle to play, especially in one's own neighbourhood, where "the oldest inhabitant" (himself a rival) would have something to say against it. In the case of a supposed warrior it would require dignity and impudence, qualities which are seldom found in combination. Nevertheless, so unprincipled a patriarch, it seems, does actually exist. For years he has been receiving gifts and encomiums—both praise and pudding—as the last survivor of Waterloo. What British heart could help warming to him, what British hand refrain from supplying the necessities of that old-world defender of his country? Who could have suspected deceit under those snowy hairs, that decorated breast? George IV., it is true, always maintained he had fought at Waterloo, and confidently appealed to the Duke of Wellington to corroborate the statement (all he got out of his Grace, by-the-bye, was "I have often heard your Majesty say so"). But there was no Duke of Wellington to put Mr. John Stacey's similar boast so lightly by. In spite, however, of the money that flowed in so charitably, the gallant fellow, with the proverbial recklessness of the "old soldier" (which he certainly was) managed to get temporarily into the workhouse. This, however, was not to be endured, and a patriotic gentleman in the vicinity established him in a comfortable almshouse. He even sent a carriage and pair to convey him to his new quarters. And now, alas! it has been discovered that Mr. John Stacey's connection with the army was chiefly notable for his desertion from it. Moreover, it is proved that he was not born till five years after Waterloo. What must be the emotions of those who have heard this admirable *raconteur* "fight his battle o'er again," probably with pipes for the cavalry and pots (gratuitous) for the infantry, on the public-house table; or, perhaps, as an honoured guest in higher circles, with wine-glasses and nut-crackers. He is only a trifle of seventy-six years of age (instead of a hundred as he ought to have been), and may still have some vista of life before him. Why should he not write his experiences (of the simplicity of mankind)? Bound in scarlet, and dedicated to the Commander-in-Chief, it should have a large sale.

A novel adaptation of the system of transfusion of blood has been proposed by an Omaha doctor, who has already verified it in the case of animals: he has come to the conclusion that "aged and senile people can be rejuvenated by splicing them, like the Siamese twins, to young and vigorous persons." This presupposes that transfusion has not hitherto been found to be a success, which, indeed, seems to be the case. It cannot be said that time enough has not been given for its development. The experiment of transferring the blood of one animal into the vascular system of another by means of a tube, was tried in England as far back as 1657 and failed. Eight years later it was essayed by Lower and succeeded, the result of the experiment being communicated to the Royal Society. It was then resolved to try it on human beings. In the first instance blood was transfused from a sheep to "a literary man who had voluntarily offered himself for this purpose." One would have thought a more intelligent animal might have been selected, but perhaps the choice was a compliment to letters, as implying that more brains would be a superfluity to one of that profession. No perceptible change in him, however, seems to have taken place. In France about the same time the blood of a calf was injected into the veins of one of the royal Princes, with the result that he died of inflammation, and, as two other fatal cases took place at Rome, transfusion went out of fashion. Of late years there has been a notable revival of it, with no very encouraging consequences. Dr. Brown-Séquard claimed to have discovered some remarkable facts as regards animals, but which, as respects human beings, turned out to be fiction. He did not succeed in rejuvenating anybody, not even himself. The Omaha doctor is, however, very sanguine, an adjective especially suitable to his methods. He suggests "the use of murderers and other criminals" for grafting purposes. He does not appear to take into account that with the physical improvement there may be moral deterioration. If a venerable Bishop, for example, was to be grafted on to a young pickpocket he may get health and strength, but be also inoculated with very unepiscopal habits. The pickpocket might become something of a theologian, but that would not compensate for the development of kleptomania in the ecclesiastic.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The appointment of the Right Rev. Frederick Temple, Bishop of London, to the see of Canterbury has been received with very general satisfaction among Churchmen. It is true that the new Archbishop is nearly seventy-five, and is, therefore, well past the age which had come to be deemed a bar to the Primacy. But Dr. Temple is at the present moment the Bishop who commands the most general confidence of Churchmen, and the Bishop who is best qualified to deal with the more immediate anxieties besetting the Church. Nor is it the least advantage of his choice that he knew intimately the views and plans of the late Primate, had worked with him in complete accord, and would not be likely to initiate any serious changes from the policy of his predecessor.

There is no prelate on the Bench who has had a more interesting career or has longer occupied a prominent position in the public eye than Dr. Temple. Born on Nov. 30, 1821, he was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, and went up from the "Eton of the West" to Balliol, Oxford. He took a Double First in 1842, one of his examiners in classics being that A. C.

Tait who preceded Dr. Benson in the Archbishopsric of Canterbury. A Balliol Fellowship followed, and Frederick Temple seemed in some peril of settling down to the life of a College Don. But he left Oxford to take up educational work of another kind. In 1848 he became Principal of the Training College at Kneller Hall, Twickenham. There, and for a short space as an Inspector of Schools, he drew upon himself sufficient attention to ensure his being appointed Head Master of Rugby in 1858. Of his character and work there anecdotes abound. If they witness to his love of discipline and abruptness of manner, they also record his real kindness of heart and complete justice. It was while at Rugby that he joined six other Broad Churchmen in the publication of "Essays and Reviews." Dr. Temple's own essay was comparatively harmless; but the book itself was in those days deemed subversive of the faith. Largely owing to the activity of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, Archdeacon Denison, and the more advanced Churchmen, a storm of indignation was raised. Two of the essayists were brought before the Court of Arches; and when Dr. Temple was appointed, in 1869, to the see of Exeter, his election was contested, and Episcopal protests against his consecration were lodged. It is only fair to say that some of those who worked hardest in the heresy-hunt of those days became after years his willing colleagues.

Dr. Temple's work as a Bishop, both at Exeter from 1869 to 1885 and at London, has swept almost out of sight the controversy which long raged so hotly. Never by word or deed has he given countenance to the apprehensions of those who feared that a Broad Church prelate meant the active propagation of doctrines which Bishop Samuel Wilberforce had condemned as rationalistic. He has shown himself scrupulously fair to all parties. He never threw himself into the resistance of the advancing tide of High Anglicanism as some of his brethren did. Nor, in later years, has he ever snubbed and ignored the Evangelicals as others are alleged to do. He has consistently honoured hard work, and has been well content to let variety live within the dioceses under his rule. He has always been the most ardent of the Bishops associated with Temperance work; he has of late years shown an intense regard for foreign missions; he is "sound" upon the necessity for immediate Church reform; and he believes in imperial rather than rate aid for Voluntary schools. His private life is simple, his manner often abrupt yet kind, his industry enormous, and his hatred of insincerity or pretence supreme. To him Churchmen will look for guidance through the stormy seas of the Educational difficulty, and he may be trusted to merit the confidence they will give him.

THE ITALIAN ROYAL WEDDING.

The marriage of the Prince of Naples, Crown Prince of Italy, to Princess Hélène of Montenegro took place at Rome on Saturday last, with Court and popular festivities of a brilliant and cheerful aspect. The bride, accompanied by her father, the reigning Prince Nicholas or "Nikita" of Montenegro, her brother, Prince Mirko, her sister, Princess Anna, and by her affianced lover, the Prince of Naples, with his brother, the Duke of Genoa, landed at Bari, in Calabria, on Oct. 21, having crossed the Adriatic, from Antivari, in the Italian war-ship *Savoia*, escorted by a naval squadron. In the Church of St. Nicholas at Bari the Montenegrin Princess was received by the clergy and admitted to the Roman Catholic communion. The royal and princely wedding party arrived at Rome next day, and became the guests of the King and Queen of Italy at the Quirinal Palace, where deputations of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, and all the institutions of the State and the municipalities, presented addresses of

congratulation. On Saturday, after the performance of the civil marriage at the Quirinal, before the members of both families and the Court, the religious ceremony was solemnised at the Church of Santa Maria degl' Angeli, by Monsignore Piscicelli, with a special appointment from the Pope. The sojourn of the Montenegrin bridal party in Rome has been attended with much popular goodwill.

RESIDENTIAL CASTLES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(See Supplement.)

The most casual glance at the ancient buildings represented in our Supplement suffices to call up historic associations whose "splendour falls on castle walls," for, as the Englishman's home is his castle, so the English castle is the home of the nation's history—the local habitation of its past. And side by side with castles of historic fame our Supplement presents specimens of the castellated mansion of modern times in Craig-y-Nos, the Welsh residence of Madame Patti, and Hawarden Castle, which will ever be associated with the annals of Victorian times as Mr. Gladstone's country seat. The picturesque array afforded by the subject of our Supplement is naturally headed by Windsor Castle, which has been a royal residence ever since William the Conqueror

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

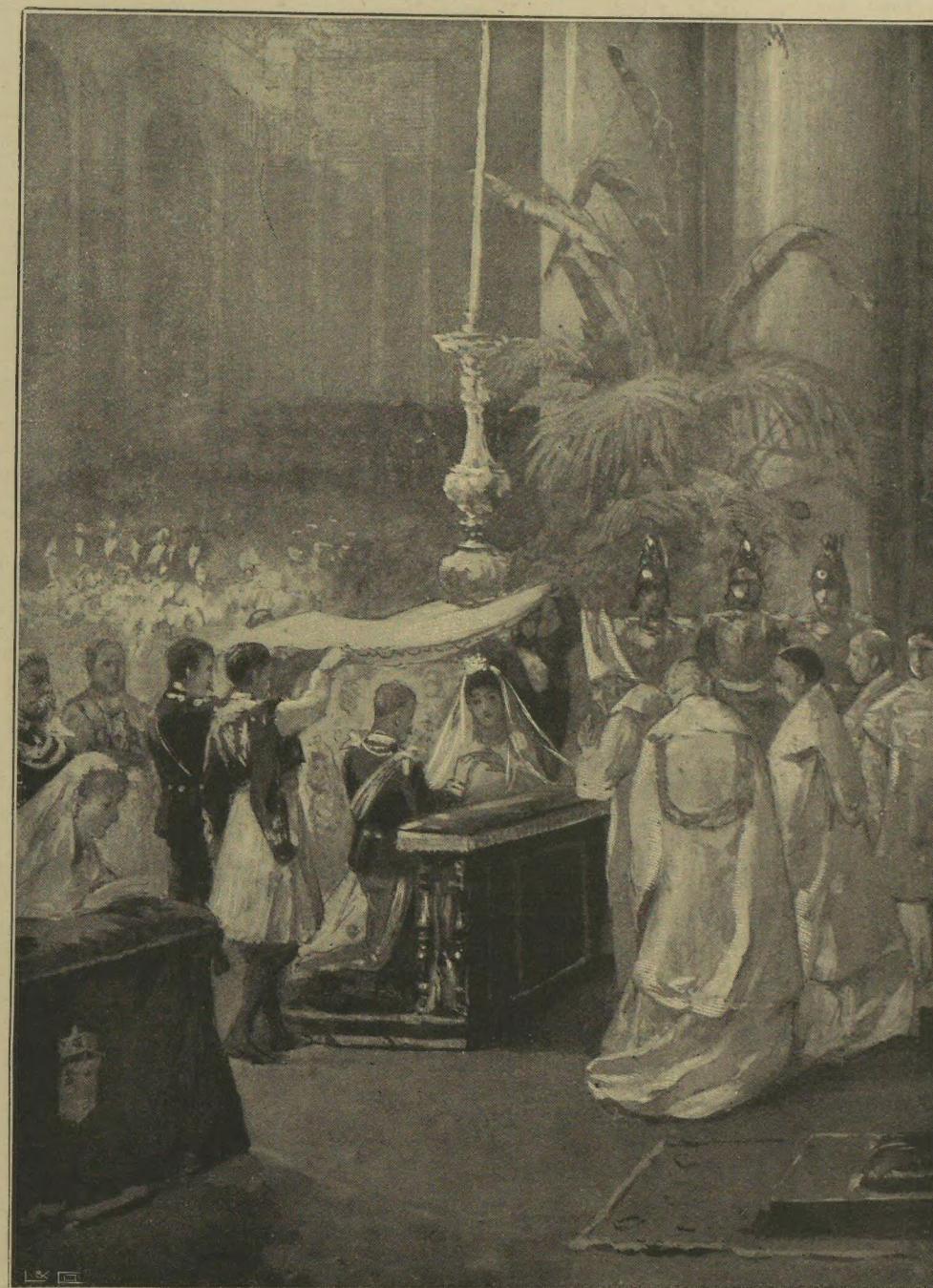
"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give." It is as true now as when the words were first spoken. We may not—nay, we cannot applaud the style of suggestive play recently introduced to the Royalty by Mr. George Alexander. Cleverness is its only excuse, and it is both clever and well acted without a shadow of a doubt. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, with great skill, has purged a nasty chapter of Feydeau from its grossness. The French author calls a spade a spade. The English adaptor hints in a whisper at what his French comrade bawls out at the top of his voice. So with "His Little Dodge" we are left with a play which the French would, once upon a time, have called "un peu shoking," and are treated to some remarkably good acting, particularly on the part of Miss Ellis Jeffreys, whose tact and taste in the conduct of this curious little work were beyond reproach. Well, then, what is to be done when a crowded and fashionable audience is found to be hugely delighted with the *Palais Royal* play, and, apparently, not shocked at all? What is to be done when the play is passed by all classes, high, middle, and low, without a dissentient voice? Are we to treat the farce to a philippic, or leave it to the tender mercies of those who,

tell the truth, indulge in "double meaning" and suggestiveness in society as much as they do on the stage? My own experience is that to denounce any play as immoral, or risky, or suggestive, is to draw such attention to it as will give it an enormous run and make it a huge success. It is a wickedly suggestive little play; but the artists concerned in it have the good taste to make the best of it. They play it as if they were as innocent as Mary's little lamb, with calm, unconscious faces. Hence the fun. The performance of Miss Ellis Jeffreys is really a fine bit of comedy. This charming young actress has style, presence, voice, and a very attractive manner. And in all her humour there is earnestness. I do not myself believe that any French actress could play this part better. She can be strong without violence, and funny without a trace of excess. She is an artist of whom much more will be heard. Mr. Fred Terry is another excellent comedian, and a droll comedian too, as all know who saw him in "Dr. Bill" some years ago. Here he is even better, and his scenes with Miss Jeffreys go with gay and delightful spirit. As a contrast to all this dash and gaiety we have the quaint little figure of Mr. Weedon Grossmith and his quiet incisive manner. He is a humorist of a very different pattern, and it has its accent in a simulated nervousness which is very amusing. Mr. Weedon Grossmith is an ideal Dolly Spanker, and he is always at his best when he is acting with, or making love to, a tall, handsome, aristocratic, well-dressed Lady Gay.

What a contrast when we come to consider the delightful fancy called "Love in Idleness," by Mr. Louis Parker and Mr. E. J. Goodman! Here is a little gem of a play, pure, sweet, wholesome, refreshing, acted with rare skill by all, and by Mr. Edward Terry with genuine humour and sentiment combined. It is possible that to the majority it will be found too delicate, too slight, too tearful. There is certainly no offence in it, and even yet with a very little trouble it might be padded out. As a work of art I can find no fault in it. The play is remarkably well constructed, always well written, and the performance of Mr. Edward Terry, some years ago, would have been the talk of all London. But in those days they thought far more of acting than they do now. Now it is all

the play, very seldom the artist; and yet plays are as often made by the artists as they are spoiled by them.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, the unpleasant duty is forced upon me of taking a long farewell of my readers who have followed me so patiently for so many years, and who have so often reminded me that, though unacquainted, still we are old friends. The column headed "The Playhouses" will no longer be signed by me. I have been summoned elsewhere, and must, so far as matters connected with dramatic art are concerned, devote my sole attention to the great newspaper to which I have been attached for a quarter of a century. For nearly as long a time I have written also for this great house, either in the *Illustrated Times* or in *The Illustrated London News*, which came to life the year that I did. When I went round the world recently I had ample proof given me of the unknown friends I had made in all parts of the globe, for wherever the English language is spoken, in every colony and in every club, there you will find *The Illustrated London News*. And it must be remembered that, parted as they are from "The Playhouses" by thousands of miles of land and sea, they never forget their old love on the beautiful hill of Hong-Kong, amidst the spicy groves of Singapore, or in the tea plantations of delightful Colombo. This paper is, indeed, their friend, as it has been my faithful friend for many a year. I part with it with sincere regret, and to all who have given me their confidence—nay, their affectionate regard—I say, with sincere regret, the fatal word—Farewell!



THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF NAPLES TO PRINCESS HÉLÈNE OF MONTENEGRO:
THE CEREMONY AT THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEGL' ANGELI.

Drawn by Mario Spinetti, our Special Artist in Rome.

purchased it back from the Westminster monks, to whom the piety of Edward the Confessor had granted it. Even before that date the same site had probably been occupied by some adjunct to the Saxon royal residence at Old Windsor. But the historic and architectural glories of Windsor Castle are household words, and, together with the almost equally well-known features of such piles as Warwick, Dover, and Arundel Castles, must here give place to some mention of the less famous mansions pictured in our pages.

Many of the latter class retain but little of their original architecture, but the features added by time form a record of succeeding generations. Skipton Castle, for instance, the seat of Lord Hothfield, keeps but few vestiges of its Saxon origin; but the additions made to it under Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor call up many a vision of stirring times. So, too, with Farnham Castle, the stately residence built for the Bishops of Winchester by Henry of Blois, the Bishop-brother of King Stephen, destroyed by Henry III. as a resort of turbulent Barons, rebuilt, but once more dismantled by the Roundheads, only to arise again into added splendour by the aid of episcopal zeal. Ripley Castle, again, though of less remote origin, will be remembered as having entertained Oliver Cromwell for a brief space just before the battle of Marston Moor, and Lulworth as having, in more modern times, afforded a place of refuge to the exiled Charles X. of France. But here, perchance, considerations of space forbid the further pursuit of this most fascinating topic, which, fortunately, is writ large in many a volume accessible to all.

PERSONAL.

The death of Sir Albert Sassoon removes one of the richest merchant princes of India, and one, moreover, who made a most

philanthropic and public-spirited use of his wealth. The thorough English training which his father, the late Mr. David Sassoon, gave him led him to do much for the spread of education in India, and it will be remembered that he was before the Government in projecting

the Elphinstone High School at Bombay, and when the Government did see its way to carry out the work, he contributed very handsomely to the funds. Quite a number of philanthropic institutions in India owe to him either their origin or their necessary funds, and his loyalty found expression in the presentation to Bombay of magnificent statues of the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales. To him and his family Bombay also owes its Sassoon Dock and other commercial advantages. After being for some years a prominent member of the Bombay Legislative Council, Mr. Sassoon was knighted in 1872, and six years ago he was raised to the rank of a Baronet. Sir Albert and Lady Sassoon's entertainment of royal personages in India and in England, at their Brighton and Kensington residences, is almost proverbial for its magnificence; but through all the distractions of his position Sir Albert remained a staunch friend to the Jewish community, to which he belonged.

The alarm about the Nelson Column seems to be unfounded. It was said to have been made unsafe by the pigeons—an intolerable suggestion which some foreign cynic might have construed to mean that Englishmen are now "pigeon-livered and lack gall," as Hamlet says. Nelson's monument lacks not gall, but a little fresh mortar, which will make it quite taut and seaworthy again. That cynical foreigner, by the way, may ask why we pay all this reverence to Nelson, while we tolerate the Duke of York on the top of a column which is nearly as conspicuous as that of our naval hero? It would puzzle the most ingenious Briton to make a lucid case for this incongruity.

A gentleman named Draper had a stormy reception at the Imperial Institute, where he was announced to give a lecture on some harmless subject. It appears that Mr. Draper helped the Boers against Dr. Jameson, and a number of people went to the Institute to express their indignation at this conduct of a British subject. Mr. Draper may say that he had a perfect right to assist the Transvaal authorities in repelling a raid the leaders of which are now in prison; but that reasoning can scarcely be expected to prevail over the natural repugnance to the idea of an Englishman shedding the blood of his compatriots in the service of a foreign State.

Prince Bismarck has been making more revelations. This time he has disclosed the fact that in spite of her obligations to Austria, Germany in 1890 was secretly negotiating with Russia. So much for the uncompromising integrity of the Triple Alliance, which some of our politicians still think we ought to join. If Prince Bismarck's theory of German good faith be accurate—and he, of all men, ought to know—it would be rank folly to enter into any engagements with such a diplomatic code. Our "splendid isolation" is, at all events, better than that.

A Chinese gentleman named Sun-Yat-Sen, from Canton, a regularly educated member of the medical profession, has been residing here with a view to arrangements, under the direction of Dr. Cantlie, for establishing a Chinese College of Medicine in London, in connection with Dr. Cantlie's College of Medicine at Hong-Kong. It does not appear that Sun-Yat-Sen has gone through the subject; but

form of becoming a naturalised British as an alien sojourning amongst us, he is certainly entitled to the protection of British law. On Sunday, Oct. 11, as he was walking along Portland Place, two Chinamen accosted him in a friendly manner, and he entered into conversation with them as fellow-countrymen. They invited him to their lodgings, then brought him to the door of a house which is the residence of the Chinese Legation, and when they had got him inside, hustled him upstairs to a room, in which he was locked up, the door

being guarded by servants of the Embassy, and the windows made fast and barred. His imprisonment there was kept secret for ten days. Sun-Yat-Sen is said to have been implicated in a treasonable conspiracy at Canton some time ago, for which some other men were beheaded, while he escaped and went to America.

The public has found it difficult to take the story seriously, for there is something irresistibly comic in the idea of a Chinaman being rescued from the dungeons of Portland Place by a *habeas corpus* of the Foreign Secretary. What possessed Sir Halliday Macartney, the Chinese Chargé d'Affaires, to imagine that this kind of kidnapping would be tolerated is unintelligible, except, perhaps, to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who ought to put Sir Halliday into a Savoy opera. Englishmen in the service of the Chinese Government are sometimes in danger of making themselves ridiculous, but Sir Halliday Macartney might have reflected that to decoy a man into the Embassy in order to spirit him off to China is rather too Oriental a procedure for London.

The humour of Chinese methods has again been illustrated by Li-Hung-Chang. While the war between China and Japan was going on we used to hear that Li had been deprived of his Yellow Riding Jacket, or his Peacock's Feather, or some other impressive ornament. It is now said that the very day he was made Foreign Minister he was reprimanded by the Chinese Emperor for making an unauthorised visit to the Empress-Dowager. It says a good deal, however, for his force of character that Li has regained all his old political authority, and is a more powerful man after his visit to Europe and America than he was before. Can this be due to the fascination of the bicycle he took home with him from the United States? Perhaps his unauthorised visit to the Empress-Dowager was to give her a lesson on that wondrous machine.

Mr. Henry Howard, C.B., has succeeded Sir Horace Rumbold as the British representative at the Hague. Mr. Howard has old ties with the Netherlands. He went to the Hague from Lisbon in 1869 as third Secretary of the British Legation, and he was there again in 1875 as second Secretary.

The University of Cambridge has lost a notable figure by the death of Dr. Campion, the venerable President of

Queen's College. Dr. Campion, who was seventy-six years of age when he passed away, after a period of increasingly weak health, was born at Maryborough, Ireland, and entered Queen's College fifty-one years ago. After distinguishing himself as Fourth Wrangler, he was elected to a

Fellowship. Four years ago, when he had served Queen's College as a tutor for some thirty-four years, he was elected to succeed the late Dr. Phillips as President of the College. Throughout his long period of tutorial work he was indefatigable in the discharge of his clerical duties, first as Rector of St. Botolph's, Cambridge, and later on as Rural Dean and Honorary Canon of Ely. His scholarship was so peculiarly varied that he was frequently University Examiner alike in the mathematical, the moral science, and the theological tripos. Early in the sixties he made some stir as Whitehall Preacher, and he was joint-editor with Mr. Beaumont of the Interleaved Prayer-Book.

Count Tolstoi's *obiter dicta* on literature are becoming rather confusing. He declares that he has a low opinion of Shakspere as a dramatist. Shakspere's defect, it seems, is that he does not "appeal directly to the people," a criticism which is a trifle cryptic. However, any Shakspere enthusiasts who may still be left will find some consolation in Tolstoi's opinion of Ibsen. The Russian writer has read two of the Norwegian dramatist's plays, and cannot discover with what object they were written.

The fact that the *Daily Telegraph* has now entirely monopolised the services of Mr. Clement Scott as dramatic critic removes from *The Illustrated London News* one of the oldest of its living contributors. Mr. Scott has been connected with this office—on the *Illustrated Times* and the *News*—for the long period of thirty years, during which the *Telegraph* has had twenty-five years of his service. But the mere fact that it has now monopolised him is but a proof of its belief in his unimpaired capability. You may differ from his opinions, your devotion to another critical attitude may be intense, but there can be no doubt whatever of this—Clement Scott has done more than any other single writer during the last half of the Victorian era to popularise the playhouse. We read and admire the critical acumen of his great predecessors or early contemporaries—Hazlitt, Lewes, or Leigh Hunt; but, after all, how far did they interest the masses of the population in the stage? They undoubtedly had a high ideal of what the play should be, but that very ideal made them impatient of the imperfect form and primitive methods which had necessarily to precede high achievement. But Mr. Scott, while also keen for a higher form of drama, was content to see it through the crude stages of development, to accept what was promising, to chasten and to chide what was retrograde or stationary. His whole note has been that of encouragement up to the limits of his ideal, and he interested the great masses of people in a neglected sphere of art by inventing a literary method of extraordinary pictorial effect, which attracted attention as nothing else could. He has taken our readers along

with him on his campaign for thirty years; and to-day we bid him good-bye with that sense of loss which the parting with every old friend entails. What is the loss of the *News* is the gain of the *Telegraph*, and Mr. Scott may rest assured that his work there will be followed with sympathetic interest by our readers.

M. Challemel-Lacour, the eminent French politician, who on Oct. 26 passed peacefully away after many months of suffering, had lived, since his withdrawal from public life a year ago, in such close seclusion, by reason of the frequently clouded state of his once brilliant intellect, that his death has not caused the commotion in French politics that it would once have raised. Nevertheless,

his contemporaries probably realise that French Republicanism has lost one of the most notable figures in its history, although his uncompromising spirit placed him in opposition to everything that did not conform to his ideal of a true Republic. M. Challemel-Lacour was born in 1827 at Avranches, and after completing his education at the Lycée Saint Louis and the Ecole Normale, became Professor of Philosophy at Limoges. There his Republican tendencies brought him into an imprisonment which was only exchanged for exile, but with the amnesty he was able to return and devote his energies to literary work. He became one of the founders of the *Revue Politique* in 1868, and two years later was appointed Prefect of the Rhône, and in that capacity had to deal with the turbulence of Lyons and the district, which he failed to control probably because he was hampered by the Committee of Public Safety.

After peace had been restored he became Radical Deputy for the Bouches-du-Rhône, and his brilliant oratorical powers made him a Senator four years later. After holding the post of Ambassador at Berne, he succeeded M. Léon Say as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, but returned to France by his own desire, and became Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Cabinet formed by M. Jules Ferry. In this capacity he defended the Government's action in the Tonkin question, his speech before the Chamber being still considered one of his most notable oratorical efforts. His subsequent fight for Free Trade will long be remembered, even though it proved unavailing; but the new life and authority with which he invested the Senate after he had succeeded Jules Ferry as its President, and his strong reassertion of its prerogatives generally, will remain his most enduring monument.

The Riviera winter services of the International Sleeping-Car Company begin on Nov. 5. Every Thursday the Calais-Mediterranean Express will leave Calais for the Riviera direct without touching Paris. This service is connected with the 9 a.m. train from Charing Cross and Victoria. There will also be four other daily services to the Riviera. Every Saturday the Nord Express will run to Berlin and St. Petersburg, in connection with the 10 a.m. train from London, Ostend, and Calais. The Peninsular Express from Calais to Brindisi every Friday, the Sud Express on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday to Biarritz, the Ostend Express every Monday to Trieste, and the Orient Express daily to Vienna and to Constantinople on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, complete the arrangements, of which particulars can be obtained at the company's offices, 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.

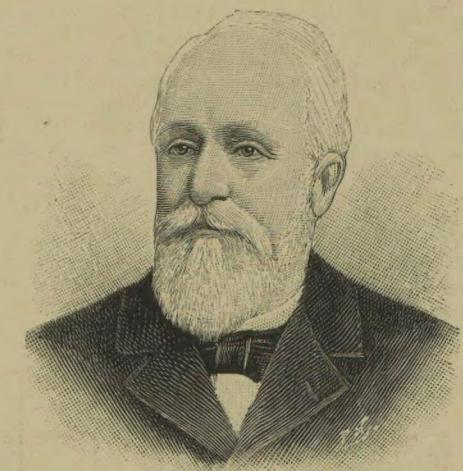
The death of Sir James Ramsden has robbed Barrow-in-Furness of the strong and beneficent personality which

raised it from the estate of a mere village to that of an important industrial stronghold. As the first engineer, and subsequently as general manager, of the Furness Railway, he did more than any other man to lay the foundations of the prosperity which began for the Furness district with

the discovery of the resources of its iron-fields. And when once Barrow had been set going on the path to importance, Sir James Ramsden undertook fresh enterprises, such as his ship-building company, for the further development of the town. He was Mayor of Barrow for several years after the town attained the dignity of a Corporation. He was knighted in 1872, and was Deputy-Lieutenant and a J.P. for Lancashire.



Photo Dickinson and Foster, New Bond Street.
THE LATE SIR ALBERT SASOON, BART.



THE LATE M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR.



Photo Scott and Wilkinson.
THE LATE DR. CAMPION.



Photo Tuber, San Francisco.
SUN-YAT-SEN.



Photo Arthur Hollis, Barrow-in-Furness.
THE LATE SIR JAMES RAMSDEN.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, who stays at Balmoral until the middle of November, has been accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duchess of Albany, with their children, and those of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Viscount Cross, with Lady Cross, and the Earl and Countess of Carrington, have been her Majesty's guests. The Queen held a Council on Monday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria of Wales, were last week at Wynyard Park, Stockton-on-Tees, on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry. The Princess stayed there a day or two longer than his Royal Highness, and returned on Saturday to Sandringham, where also the Duke and Duchess of York, on the same day, returned from a visit to Lord and Lady Hastings at Melton Constable. On Monday the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York went to Newmarket.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has arrived in England: his Royal Highness visited the Czar and Czarina at Darmstadt.

The Queen has graciously replied to a communication from the London School Board soliciting her Majesty's personal patronage of the next annual public display of

The opening of the Law Courts after the Long Vacation took place on Monday. The Judges and Queen's Counsel, after breakfasting with the Lord Chancellor at the House of Lords, went to the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand, where, headed by the Lord Chancellor, with his mace and purse-bearers, they entered in procession through the Great Hall and took their seats on the benches of the different Courts. Lord Chief Justice Russell was absent on account of a family bereavement. The number of cases for trial is much larger than at the same term of last year.

The Lord Major-elect of London, Alderman Faudel Phillips, was presented to the Lord Chancellor on Monday by the Recorder, Sir Charles Hall, accompanied by the other civic dignitaries and officers of the Corporation; and the Lord Chancellor, on behalf of the Queen, approved his election.

The anniversary of the battle of Balaclava, in 1854, was celebrated on Monday at Birmingham, with a dinner given to fifty-six old soldiers, of the survivors, now reckoned at seventy-two, who fought in that memorable affray.

Continental politics, in the chief European capitals, have during the past week been confined to the semi-official journalists and reputed organs of rival statesmen.

breaking out in orgies of furious slaughter, beyond the control of the Porte. The Ambassadors at Constantinople since Friday, Oct. 23, have been meeting, remonstrating, and finally protesting, in opposition to the Sultan's most recent action. On Monday an attempt was made by four men to assassinate Monsignor Bartholomeus, the ecclesiastical deputy of the Armenian Patriarchate, while driving in his carriage through the streets.

In the United States of America the impending Presidential election, contested between Mr. Bryan, the Democratic, and Mr. M'Kinley, the Republican candidate, still produces an increasing tempest of meetings, speeches, writings, and canvassings, the local and personal features of which cannot easily be recorded here. Mr. M'Kinley, as the champion of a gold standard of currency, is supported by the commercial and financial interests of New York and the Eastern States.

In South Africa the last flashes or sparks of Matabili and Mashona warfare are struck by petty conflict with scattered bands of the enemy, and a few more English lives have been lost in driving them out of their rocky strongholds. Major F. S. Evans, 1st Battalion Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment), was killed at Maran-



THE GREAT STORM AT VENICE ON OCTOBER 15.

From a Sketch by Captain S. E. St. Leger.

physical exercise by the Board School children. Her Majesty regrets that she cannot herself be present, but promises that one of the royal family shall represent her on that occasion.

The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, spoke on Thursday evening, Oct. 22, at Birmingham at the opening of the Midland Institute; Mr. Goschen, as President for this year, delivered an address upon the causes of international prejudice and the remedies for that unfavourable tendency, referring to the position of Great Britain with regard to the chief foreign nations of Europe.

The Earl of Derby has accepted for the coming year the presidency of the National Union of Conservative Associations, whose annual Conference, on Nov. 17, at Rochdale, will be addressed by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour and other leading politicians. Lord Derby, who is Lord Mayor of Liverpool this year, has liberally returned to the Corporation of that city the allowance of £2000 always voted towards the expenses of the Lord Mayor's office.

The election for the Eastern Division of the town of Bradford will take place in the second week of November. Captain the Hon. Roland Fulke Greville, son and heir of Lord Greville, is the Conservative candidate. Mr. Samuel Storey, formerly M.P. for Sunderland, has been invited by the Liberal party, but has declined. Mr. Keir Hardie is the "Labour" candidate.

In Germany a fresh publication, by the Hamburg newspaper supposed to represent Prince Bismarck's views, of statements concerning the relations between his Government ten or twenty years ago and that of Russia, with regard to the position of France, Austria, and England at those times, has provoked much discussion, especially at Vienna, being calculated apparently to shake confidence in the Triple Alliance. The recent interviews between the Czar and the German Emperor now seem to bear the character of friendly personal courtesy rather than overtures to a political alliance. At the same time, an uncontradicted statement of the terms of the existing agreement between Russia and France tends to deprive it of the alarming aspect which had been imagined, reducing it to a mere understanding that those Great Powers would assist each other's defensive military operations in the hypothetical case of either being unjustly attacked, without any reference to a French attempt to recover Alsace and Lorraine.

The Sultan of Turkey has given additional proof of hostility to the counsels of the European Powers by an Iradeh, or imperial decree, levying a poll-tax and other extraordinary fiscal imposts, for the avowed purpose of putting arms into the hands of the whole Mussulman population. This measure, which differs essentially from a reorganisation of the regular military forces of the Ottoman Empire, is calculated, at the present crisis, to facilitate the continued massacre of its Armenian, Greek, and other Christian subjects, and to prepare for a "Jihad" or wholesale warfare of fanaticism against the infidels,

dellas. Captain Edward Finucane, of the Salisbury Rifle Volunteers, has died of a wound he received on Oct. 23, and several soldiers have died of fever. Colonel Plumer's column of troops, from the Cape Colony, is leaving Matabililand and returning home.

A STORM AT VENICE.

In spite of the fine Horatian phrase, *Dux inquietæ turbidus Adriae*, and the well-known prevalence in that sea, at particular seasons, of tempestuous austral winds, the secluded corner of its shore in which stately Venice sits upon her many islets, within the barrier of sandbanks enclosing her spacious lagoons, is usually exempt from violent marine disturbance. But Venice felt the rare experience of a furious storm from seaward on Oct. 15, when the sirocco, blowing with greater force and continuance than has been observed for nineteen years past, drove in so high a tide—for the tide does rise in the Adriatic—that the Piazza di San Marco was flooded, and the Grand Canal became a raging inward current. No loss of life has been reported, and the damage both to vessels and to seaside buildings was considerably greater on the opposite coasts of Istria and Friuli, at Trieste, and in the neighbourhood of the Austrian imperial palace of Miramare, which was also struck by lightning. We are indebted to Captain S. E. St. Leger, of the Royal Irish Regiment, who was staying at Venice, for a sketch of the scene at the Piazzetta and in front of the Doges' Palace.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER X.

For the next two days Goldsmith was fully occupied making such changes in his play as were suggested to him in the course of the rehearsals. The alterations were not radical, but he felt that they would be improvements, and his judgment was rarely at fault. Moreover, he was quick to perceive in what direction the strong points and the weak points of the various members of the company lay, and he had no hesitation in altering the dialogue so as to give them a better chance of displaying their gifts. But not a line of what Colman called the "porthouse scene" would he change, not a word of the scene where the farm servants are being trained to wait at table would he allow to be omitted.

Colman declined to appear upon the stage during the rehearsals. He seems to have spent all his spare time walking from coffee-house to coffee-house talking about the play, its vulgarity, and the certainty of the fate that was in store for it. It would have been impossible, had he not adopted this remarkable course, for the people of the town to become aware, as they certainly did, what were his ideas regarding the comedy. When it was produced with extraordinary success, the papers held the manager up to ridicule daily for his false predictions, and every day a new set of lampoons came from the coffee-house wits on the same subject.

But though the members of the company rehearsed the play loyally, some of them were doubtful about the scene at the Three Pigeons, and did not hesitate to express their fears to Goldsmith. They wondered if he might not see his way to substitute for that scene one which could not possibly be thought offensive by any section of playgoers. Was it not a pity, one of them asked him, to run a chance of failure when it might be so easily avoided?

To all of these remonstrances he had but one answer: the play must stand or fall by the scenes which were regarded as ungenteel. He had written it, he said, for the sake of expressing his convictions through the medium of these particular scenes, and he was content to accept the verdict of the playgoers on the point in question. Why he had brought on those scenes so early in the play was that the playgoers might know not to expect a sentimental piece, but one that was meant to introduce a natural school of comedy, with no pretence to be anything but a copy of the manners of the day, with no fine writing in the dialogue, but only the broadest and heartiest fun.

"If the scenes are ungenteel," said he, "it is because nature is made up of ungenteel things. Your modern gentleman is, to my mind, much less interesting than your ungenteel person; and I believe that Tony Lumpkin when admirably represented, as he will be by Mr. Quick, will be a greater favourite with all who come to the playhouse than the finest gentleman who ever uttered an artificial sentiment to fall exquisitely on the ear of a boarding-school miss. So, by my faith! I'll not interfere with his romping."

He was fluent and decisive on this point, as he was on every other point on which he had made up his mind. He only stammered and stuttered when he did not know what he was about to say, and this frequently arose from his over-sensitiveness in regard to the feelings of others—a disability which could never be laid to the charge of Dr. Johnson, who was, in consequence, delightfully fluent.

On the evening of the third rehearsal of the play with the amended cast, he went to Reynolds's house in Leicester Square to dine. He knew that the Horneck family would be there, and he looked forward with some degree of apprehension to his meeting with Mary. He felt that she might think he looked for some explanation of her strange

words spoken when he was by her side at the Pantheon. But he wanted no explanation from her. The words still lay as a burden upon his heart, but he felt that it would pain her to attempt an explanation of them, and he was quite content that matters should remain as they were. Whatever the words might have meant, it was impossible that they could mean anything that might cause him to think of her with less reverence and affection.

He arrived early at Reynolds's house, but it did not take him long to find out that he was not the first arrival. From the large drawing-room there came to his ears the sound of laughter—such laughter as caused him to remark to the servant—

"I perceive that Mr. Garrick is already in the house, Ralph."

"Mr. Garrick has been here with the young ladies for the past half-hour, Sir," replied Ralph.

"I shouldn't wonder if, on enquiry, it were found that he has been entertaining them," said Goldsmith.

Ralph, who knew perfectly well what was the exact form that the entertainment assumed, busied himself hanging up the visitor's hat.

The fact was that, for the previous quarter of an hour, Garrick had been keeping Mary Horneck and her sister, and even Miss Reynolds, in fits of laughter by his burlesque account of Goldsmith's interview with an amanuensis who had been recommended to him with a view of saving him much manual labour. Goldsmith had told him the story originally, and the imagination of Garrick was quite equal to the duty of supplying all the details necessary for the burlesque. He pretended to be the amanuensis entering the room in which Goldsmith was supposed to be seated working laboriously at his "Animated Nature." "Good morning, Sir, good morning," he cried, pretending to take off his gloves and shake the dust off them with the most perfect self-possession, previous to laying them in his hat on a chair. "Now mind you don't sit there, Dr. Goldsmith," he continued, raising a warning finger. A little motion of his body and the pert amanuensis, with his mincing ways, was transformed into the awkward Goldsmith, shy and self-conscious in the presence of a stranger, hastening with clumsy politeness to get him a chair, and, of course, dragging forward the very one on which the man had placed his hat. "Now, now, now, what are you about?"—once more Garrick was the amanuensis. "Did not I warn you to be careful about that chair, Sir? Eh? I only told you not to sit in it? Sir, that excuse is a mere quibble—a mere quibble. This must not occur again, or I shall be forced to dismiss you, and where will you be then, my good Sir? Now to business, Doctor; but first you will tell your man to make me a cup of chocolate—with milk, Sir—plenty of milk, and two lumps of sugar—plantation sugar, Sir; I flatter myself that I am a patriot—none of your foreign manufactures for me. And now that I think on 't, your laundress would do well to wash and iron my ruffles for me; and mind you tell her to be careful of the one with the tear in it"—this shouted half-way out of the door through which he had shown Goldsmith hurrying with the ruffles and the order for the chocolate.

Then came the monologue of the amanuensis strolling about the room, passing his sneering remarks at the furniture—opening a letter which had just come by post and reading it *sotto voce*. It was supposed to be from Filby, the tailor, and to state that the field-marshal's uniform in which Dr. Goldsmith meant to appear at the next masked ball at the Haymarket would be ready in a few days, and to enquire if Dr. Goldsmith had made up his mind as to the exact orders which he meant to wear, ending with a

compliment upon Dr. Goldsmith's good taste and discrimination in choosing a costume which was so well adapted to his physique, and a humble suggestion that it should be worn upon the occasion of the first performance of the new comedy, when the writer hoped no objection would be raised to the hanging of a board in front of the author's box with "Made by Filby" printed on it.

Garrick's reading of the imaginary letter, stumbling over certain words—giving an odd turn and a ludicrous misreading to a phrase here and there, and finally his turning over the letter and mumbling a postscript alluding to the length of time that had passed since the writer had received a payment on account, could not have been surpassed. The effect of the comedy upon the people in the room was immeasurably heightened by the entrance of Goldsmith in the flesh, when Garrick, as the amanuensis, immediately walked to him gravely with the scrap of paper which had done duty as the letter in his hand, asking him if what was written there in black and white about the field-marshall's uniform was correct, and if he meant to agree to Filby's request to wear it on the first night of the comedy.

Goldsmith perceived that Garrick was giving an example of the impromptu entertainment in which he delighted, and at once entered into the spirit of the scene, saying—

"Why, yes, Sir; I have come to the conclusion that more credit should be given to a man who has brought to a successful issue a campaign against the prejudices and stupidities of the manager of a playhouse than to the generalissimo of an army in the field, so why should not I wear a field-marshall's uniform, Sir?"

The laugh was against Garrick, which pleased him greatly, for he knew that Goldsmith would feel that he was sharing in the entertainment, and would not regard it as a burlesque upon himself personally. In an instant, however, the actor had ceased to be the supercilious amanuensis, and became David Garrick, crying—

"Nay, Sir, you are out of the play altogether. You are presuming to reply to the amanuensis, which, I need scarcely tell a gentleman of your experience, is a preposterous idea, and out of all consistency with nature."

Goldsmith had shaken hands with all his friends, and being quite elated at the success of his reply to the brilliant Garrick, did not mind much what might follow.

At what did actually follow Goldsmith laughed as heartily as anyone in the room.

"Come, Sir," said the amanuensis, "we have no time to waste over empty civilities. We have our 'Animated Nature' to proceed with; we cannot keep the world waiting any longer; it matters not about the booksellers, 'tis the world we think of. What is this?"—picking up an imaginary paper—"The derivation of the name of the elephant has taxed the ingenuity of many able writers, but there can be no doubt in the mind of anyone who has seen that noble creature, as I have, in its native woods, careering nimbly from branch to branch of the largest trees in search of the butterflies, which form its sole food, that the name elephant is but a corruption of elegant, the movements of the animal being as singularly graceful as its shape is in accordance with all accepted ideas of symmetry." Sir, this is mighty fine, but your style lacks animation. A writer on 'Animated Nature' should be himself both animated and natural, as one who translates Buffon should himself be a buffoon."

In this strain of nonsense Garrick went on for the next ten minutes, leading up to a simulated dispute between Goldsmith and his amanuensis as to whether a dog lived on land or water. The dispute waxed warmer and warmer, until at last blows were exchanged and the amanuensis

kicked Goldsmith through the door and down the stairs. The bumping of the imaginary man from step to step was heard in the drawing-room, and then the amanuensis entered smiling and rubbing his hands as he remarked—

"The impudent fellow! To presume to dictate to his amanuensis! Lord! what's the world coming to when a common literary man presumes to dictate to his amanuensis?"

Such buffoonery was what Garrick loved. At Dr. Burney's new house, round the corner in St. Martin's Street, he used to keep the household in roars of laughter—as one delightful member of the household has recorded—over his burlesque auctions of books, and his imitations of Dr. Johnson.

"And all this," said Goldsmith, "came out of the paltry story which I told him of how I hired an amanuensis, but found myself dumb the moment he sat down to work, so that, after making a number of excuses

proceed to such expense for a piece that would not be played for longer than a small portion of one evening."

"The monster!" cried the girl. "I should like to talk to him as I feel about this. What, is he mad enough to expect that playgoers will tolerate his wretched old scenery in a new comedy? Oh, clearly he needs someone to be near him who will speak plainly to him and tell him how contemptible he is. Your friend Dr. Johnson should go to him. The occasion is one that demands the powers of a man who has a whole dictionary at his back—yes, Dr. Johnson should go to him and threaten that if he does not behave handsomely he will, in his next edition of the Dictionary, define a scoundrel as a playhouse manager who keeps an author in suspense for months, and then produces his comedy so ungenerously as to make its failure a certainty. But, no, your play will be the greater success on account of its having to overcome all the obstacles which Mr. Colman has placed in its way."

theatre," said she. "Oh, do not be afraid; it will be very strange if between us we cannot hit upon a title that will deserve, if not a coronet, at least a wreath of laurel."

Sir Joshua, who was sitting at the head of the table not far away, had put up his ear-trumpet between the courses, and caught a word or two of the girl's sentence.

"I presume that you are still discussing the great title question," said he. "You need not do so. Have I not given you my assurance that 'The Belle's Stratagem' is the best name that the play could receive?"

"Nay, that title Dr. Goldsmith holds to be one of the mistakes of a Knight!" said Mr. Bunbury in a low tone. He delighted in a pun, but did not like too many people to hear him make one.

"'The Belle's Stratagem' I hold to be a good enough title until we get a better," said Goldsmith. "I have



Garrick, as the amanuensis, immediately walked to him gravely with the scrap of paper which had done duty as the letter in his hand.

which I knew he saw through, I found it to my advantage to give the man a guinea and send him away."

CHAPTER XI.

Goldsmith was delighted to find that the Jessamy Bride seemed free from care. He had gone to Reynolds in fear and trembling lest he should hear that she was unable to join the party; but now he found her in as merry a mood as he had ever known her to be in. He was seated by her side at dinner, and he was glad to find that there was upon her no trace of the mysterious mood that had spoiled his pleasure at the Pantheon.

She had, of course, heard of the troubles at the play-house, and she told him that nothing would induce her ever to speak to Colman, though she said that she and Little Comedy, when they had first heard of the intention of the manager to withdraw the piece, had resolved to go together to the theatre and demand its immediate production on the finest scale possible.

"There's still great need for someone who will be able to influence Colman in that respect," said Goldsmith. "Only to-day, when I ventured to talk of a fresh scene being painted, he told me that it was not his intention to

"I know, dear child, that if it depended on your goodwill it would be the greatest success of the century," said he.

"And so it will be—oh, it must be! Little Comedy and I will—oh, we shall insist on the playgoers liking it! We will sit in front of a box and lead all the applause, and we will, besides, keep stern eyes fixed upon anyone who may have the bad taste to decline to follow us."

"You are kindness itself, my dear; and, meanwhile, if you would come to the remaining rehearsals, and spend all your spare time thinking out a suitable name for the play you would be conferring an additional favour upon an ill-treated author."

"I will do both, and it will be strange if I do not succeed in at least one of the two enterprises—the first being the changing of the mistakes of a manager into the success of a night, and the second the changing of the 'Mistakes of a Night' into the success of a manager—ay, and of an author as well."

"Admirably spoke!" cried the author. "I have a mind to let the name 'The Mistakes of a Night' stand, you have made such a pretty play upon it."

"No, no; that is not the kind of play to fill the

confidence in the ingenuity of Miss Horneck to discover the better one."

"Nay, I protest if you do not take my title I shall go to the playhouse and damn the play," said Reynolds. "I have given it its proper name, and if it appears in public under any other it will have earned the reprobation of all honest folk who detest an alias."

"Then that name shall stand," said Goldsmith. "I give you my word, Sir Joshua, I would rather see my play succeed under your title than have it damned under a title given to it by the next best man to you in England."

"That is very well said indeed," remarked Sir Joshua. "It gives evidence of a certain generosity of feeling on your part which all should respect."

Miss Kauffman, who sat at Sir Joshua's right, smiled a trifle vaguely, for she had not quite understood the drift of Goldsmith's phrase, but from the other end of the table there came quite an outburst of laughter. Garrick sat there with Mrs. Bunbury and Baretti, to whom he was telling an imaginary story of Ould Grouse in the Gun-room.

Dr. Burney, who sat at the other side of the table, had ventured to question the likelihood of an audience's

apprehending the humour of the story at which Diggory had only hinted. He wondered if the story should not be told for the benefit of the playgoers.

A gentleman whom Bunbury had brought to dinner—his name was Colonel Gwyn, and it was known that he was a great admirer of Mary Horneck—took up the question quite seriously.

"For my part," he said, "I admit frankly that I have never heard the story of Grouse in the Gun-room."

"Is it possible, Sir?" cried Garrick. "What, you mean to say that you are not familiar with the reply of Ould Grouse to the young woman who asked him how he found his way into the gun-room when the door was locked—that about every gun having a lock and so forth?"

"No, Sir," cried Colonel Gwyn. "I had no idea that the story was a familiar one. It seems interesting too."

"Oh, 'tis amazingly interesting," said Garrick. "But you are an army man, Colonel Gwyn; you have heard it frequently told over the mess-table."

"I protest, Sir," said Colonel Gwyn, "I know so little about it that I fancied Ould Grouse was the name of a dog—I have myself known of sporting dogs called Grouse."

"Oh, Colonel, you surprise me," cried Garrick. "Ould Grouse a dog! Pray do not hint so much to Dr. Goldsmith. He is a very sensitive man and would feel greatly hurt by such a suggestion. I believe that Dr. Goldsmith was an intimate friend of Ould Grouse and felt his death severely."

"Then he is dead?" said Gwyn. "That, Sir, gives a melancholy interest to the narrative."

"A particularly pathetic interest, Sir," said Garrick, shaking his head. "I was not among his intimates, Colonel Gwyn, but when I reflect that that dear simple-minded old soul is gone from us—that the gun-room door is now open, but that within there is silence—no sound of the dear old feet that were wont to patter and potter—you will pardon my emotion, Madam—" He turned with streaming eyes to Miss Reynolds, who forthwith became sympathetically affected, her voice breaking as she endeavoured to assure Garrick that his emotion, so far from requiring an apology, did him honour. Bunbury, who was ready to roar, could not do so now without seeming to laugh at the feeling of his hostess, and his wife had too high an appreciation of comedy not to be able to keep her face perfectly grave, while a sob or two that he seemed quite unable to suppress came from the napkin which Garrick held up to his face. Baretti said something in Italian to Dr. Burney across the table, about the melancholy nature of the party and then Garrick dropped his napkin, saying—

"Tis selfish to repine, and he himself—dear old soul!—would be the last to countenance a show of melancholy; for, as his remarks in the gun-room testify, Colonel Gwyn, he had a fine sense of humour. I fancy I see him, the broad smile lighting up his homely features, as he delivered that sly thrust at his questioner, for it is perfectly well known, Colonel, that so far as poaching was concerned the other man had no particular character in the neighbourhood."

"Oh, Grouse was a poacher, then?" said the Colonel.

"Well, if the truth must be told—but no, the man is dead and gone now," cried Garrick, "and it is more generous only to remember, as we all do, the nimbleness of his wit—the genial mirth which ran through the gun-room after that famous sally of his. It seems that honest homely fun is dying out in England; the country stands in need of an Ould Grouse or two just now, and let us hope that when the story of that quiet, yet thoroughly jovial, remark of his in the gun-room comes to be told in the comedy, there will be a revival of the good old days when men were not afraid to joke, Sir, and—"

"But so far as I can gather from what Mrs. Bunbury, who heard the comedy read, has told me, the story of Ould Grouse in the Gun-room is never actually narrated, but only hinted at," said Gwyn.

"That makes little matter, Sir," said Garrick. "The untold story of Ould Grouse in the Gun-room will be more heartily laughed at during the next year or two than the best story of which every detail is given."

"At any rate, Colonel Gwyn," said Mrs. Bunbury, "after the pains which Mr. Garrick has taken to acquaint you with the amplest particulars of the story you cannot in future profess to be unacquainted with it."

Colonel Gwyn looked puzzled.

"I protest, Madam," said he, "that up to the present—ah! I fear that the very familiarity of Mr. Garrick with the story has caused him to be led to take too much for granted. I do not question the humour, mind you—I fancy that I am as quick as most men to see a joke, but—"

This was too much for Bunbury and Burney. They both roared with laughter, which increased in volume as the puzzled look upon Colonel Gwyn's face was taken up by Garrick, as he glanced first at Burney and then at Little Comedy's husband. Poor Miss Reynolds, who could never quite make out what was going on around her in that strange household where she had been thrown by an ironical fate, looked gravely at the ultra-grave Garrick, and then smiled artificially at Dr. Burney with a view of assuring him that she understood perfectly how he came to be merry.

"Colonel Gwyn," said Garrick, "these gentlemen seem to have their own reasons for merriment, but I think you and I can better discriminate when to laugh and

when to refrain from laughter. And yet—ah, I perceive they are recalling the story of Ould Grouse in the Gun-room, and that sure enough would convulse an Egyptian mummy or a statue of Nestor; and the funny part of the business is yet to come, for up to the present I don't believe that I told you that the man had actually been married for some years."

He laughed so heartily that Colonel Gwyn could not refrain from joining in, though his laughter was a good deal less hearty than that of any of the others who had enjoyed Garrick's whimsical fun.

When the men were left alone at the table, there was some little embarrassment owing to the deficiency of glass, for Sir Joshua, who was hospitable to a fault, keeping an open house and dining his friends every evening, could never be persuaded to replace the glass which chanced to be broken. Garrick made an excuse of the shortness of port-glasses at his end of the table to move up beside Goldsmith, whom he cheered by telling him that he had already given a lesson to Woodward regarding the speaking of the prologue which he, Garrick, had written for the comedy. He said he believed Woodward would repeat the lines very effectively. When Goldsmith mentioned that Colman declined to have a single scene painted for the production, both Sir Joshua and Garrick were indignant.

"You would have done well to leave the piece in my hands, Noll," said the latter, alluding to the circumstance of Goldsmith's having sent the play to him on Colman's first refusal to produce it.

"Ah, Davy, my friend," Goldsmith replied, "I feel more at my ease in reflecting that in another week I shall know the worst—or the best. If the play had remained with you I should feel like a condemned criminal for the next year or two."

In the drawing-room that evening Garrick and Goldsmith got up the entertainment which was possibly the most diverting one ever seen in a room.

Goldsmith sat on Garrick's knees with a table-cloth drawn over his head and body, leaving his arms only exposed. Garrick then began reciting long sentimental soliloquies from certain plays, which Goldsmith was supposed to illustrate by his gestures. The form of the entertainment has survived, and sometimes by chance it becomes humorous. But with Garrick repeating the lines and thrilling his audience by his marvellous change of expression as no audience has since been thrilled, and with Goldsmith burlesquing with inappropriately extravagant and wholly amusing gestures the passionate deliverances, it can easily be believed that Sir Joshua's guests were convulsed.

After some time of this division of labour, the position of the two playmates was reversed. It was Garrick who sat on Goldsmith's knees and did the gesticulating, while the poet attempted to deliver his lines after the manner of the player. The effect was even more ludicrous than that of the previous combination; and then, in the middle of an affecting passage from Addison's "Cato," Goldsmith began to sing the song which he had been compelled to omit from the part of Miss Harcastle, owing to Mrs. Bulkley's not being a singer. Of course Garrick's gestures during the delivery of the song were marvellously ingenious, and an additional element of attraction was introduced by Dr. Burney, who hastily seated himself at the pianoforte and interwove a medley accompaniment, introducing all the airs then popular, but without prejudice to the harmonies of the accompaniment.

Reynolds stood by the side of his friend Miss Kauffman, and when this marvellous fooling had come to an end, except for the extra diversion caused by Garrick's declining to leave Goldsmith's knees—he begged the lady to favour the company with an Italian song which she was accustomed to sing to the accompaniment of a guitar. But Miss Angelica shook her head.

"Pray add your entreaties to mine, Miss Horneck," said Sir Joshua to the Jessamy Bride. "Entreat our Angel of Art to give us the pleasure of hearing her sing."

Miss Horneck rose, and made an elaborate curtsey before the smiling Angelica.

"Oh, Madame Angel, live for ever!" she cried. "Will your Majesty condescend to let us hear your angelic voice? You have already deigned to captivate our souls by the exercise of one art; will you now stoop to conquer our savage hearts by the exercise of another?"

A sudden cry startled the company, and at the same instant Garrick was thrown on his hands and knees on the floor by the act of Goldsmith's springing to his feet.

"By the Lord, I've got it!" shouted Goldsmith. "The Jessamy Bride has given it to me, as I knew she would—the title of my comedy—she has just said it: 'She Stoops to Conquer.'"

CHAPTER XII.

As a matter of course, Colman objected to the new title when Goldsmith communicated it to him the next day; but the latter was firm on this particular point. He had given the play its name, he said, and he would not alter it now on any consideration.

Colman once again shrugged his shoulders. The production of the play gave him so much practice at shrugging, Goldsmith expressed his regret at not being able to introduce the part of a Frenchman, which he said he believed the manager would play to perfection.

But when Johnson, who attended the rehearsal with Miss Reynolds, the whole Horneck family, Cradock, and Murphy, asserted, as he did with his customary emphasis, that no better title than "She Stoops to Conquer" could be found for the comedy, Colman made no further objections, and the rehearsal was proceeded with.

"Nay, Sir," cried Johnson, when Goldsmith was leaving his party in a box in order to go upon the stage—"Nay, Sir, you shall not desert us. You must stay by us to let us know when the jests are spoken, so that we may be fully qualified to laugh at the right moments when the theatre is filled. Why, Goldy, you would not leave us to our own resources?"

"I will be the Lieutenant Cook of the comedy, Dr. Johnson," said Miss Horneck—Lieutenant Cook and his discoveries constituted the chief topics of the hour. "I believe that I know so much of the dialogue as will enable me to pilot you, not merely to the Otaheite of a jest, but to a whole archipelago of wit."

"Otaheite is a name of good omen," said Cradock. "It is suggestive of palms, and 'palmarum qui meruit ferat'."

"Sir," said Johnson, "you should know better than to quote Latin in the presence of ladies. Though your remark is not quite so bad as I expected it would be, yet let me tell you, Sir, that unless the wit in the comedy is a good deal livelier than yours, it will have a poor chance with the playgoers."

"Oh, Sir, Dr. Goldsmith's wit is greatly superior to mine," laughed Cradock. "Otherwise it would be my comedy that would be in rehearsal and Dr. Goldsmith would be merely on a level with us who constitute his critics."

Goldsmith had gone on the stage and the rehearsal had begun, so that Johnson was enabled, by pretending to give all his attention to the opening dialogue, to hide his lack of an effective reply to Cradock for his insolence in suggesting that they were both on the same level as critics.

Before Shuter, as Old Hardcastle, had more than begun to drill his servants, the mighty laughter of Dr. Johnson was shaking the box. Every outburst was like the exploding of a bomb, or, as Cradock put it, the broadside coming from the carronade of a three-decker. He had laughed and applauded during the scene at the Three Pigeons—especially the satirical sallies directed against the sentimentalists—but it was the drilling of the servants that excited him most, and he inquired of Miss Horneck—

"Pray what is the story of Ould Grouse in the Gun-room, my dear?"

When the members of the company learned that it was the great Dr. Samuel Johnson who was roaring with laughter in the box, they were as much amazed as they were encouraged. Colman, who had come upon the stage out of compliment to Johnson, feeling that his position as an authority regarding the elements of diversion in a play was being undermined in the estimation of his company, remarked—

"Your friend Dr. Johnson will be a friend indeed if he comes in as generous a mood to the first representation. I only hope that the playgoers will not resent his attempt to instruct them on the subject of your wit."

"I don't think that there is anyone alive who will venture to resent the instruction of Dr. Johnson," said Goldsmith quietly.

The result of this rehearsal and of the three rehearsals that followed it during the week, was more than encouraging to the actors, and it became understood that Woodward and Gentleman Smith were ready to admit their regret at having relinquished the parts for which they had been originally cast. The former had asked to be permitted to speak the Prologue, which Garrick had written, and upon which, as he had told Goldsmith, he had already given a hint or two to Woodward.

The difficulty of the Epilogue, however, still remained. The one which Murphy had written for Mrs. Bulkley was objected to by Miss Catley, who threatened to leave the company if Mrs. Bulkley, who had been merely thrust forward to take Mrs. Abington's place, were entrusted with the Epilogue; and, when Cradock wrote another for Miss Catley, Mrs. Bulkley declared that if Miss Catley were allowed the distinction which she herself had a right to claim, she would leave the theatre. Goldsmith's ingenuity suggested the writing of an Epilogue in which both the ladies were presented in their true characters as quarreling on the subject; but Colman placed his veto upon this idea and also upon another simple Epilogue which the author had written. Only on the day preceding the first performance did Goldsmith produce the Epilogue which was eventually spoken by Mrs. Bulkley.

"It seems to me to be a pity to waste so much time discussing an Epilogue which will never be spoke," sneered Colman when the last difficulties had been smoothed over.

Goldsmith walked away without another word, and joined his party, consisting of Johnson, Reynolds, Miss Reynolds, the Burbrys, and Mary Horneck. Now that he had done all his work connected with the production of the play—when he had not allowed himself to be overcome by the niggardly behaviour of the manager in declining to spend a single penny either upon the dresses or the scenery, that parting sneer of Colman's almost caused him to break down.

Mary Horneck perceived this, and hastened to say

something kind to him. She knew so well what would be truly encouraging to him that she did not hesitate for a moment.

"I am glad I am not going to the theatre to-night," she said; "my dress would be ruined."

He tried to smile as he asked her for an explanation.

"Why, surely you heard the way the cleaners were laughing at the humour of the play," she cried. "Oh, yes, all the cleaners dropped their dusters, and stood around the boxes in fits of laughter. I overheard one of the candle-snuffers say that no play he had seen rehearsed for years contained such wit as yours. I also overheard another man cursing Mr. Colman for a curmudgeon."

"You did? Thank God for that; 'tis a great responsibility off my mind," said Goldsmith. "Oh, my dear Jessamy Bride, I know how kind you are, and I only hope that your god-child will turn out a credit to me."

"It is not merely your credit that is involved in the success of this play, Sir," said Johnson. "The credit of your friends who insisted on Colman's taking the play is also at stake."

"And above all," said Reynolds pleasantly, "the play must be a success in order to put Colman in the wrong."

to it in the most practical way. But we, Dr. Goldsmith, who know your worth, and have known it all these years, wish to show that our esteem remains independent of the verdict of the public. On Monday night, Sir, you will find a thousand people who will esteem it an honour to have you to sup with them; but on Monday afternoon you will dine with us."

"You not only mean better than any other man, Sir, you express what you mean better," said Goldsmith. "A compliment is doubly a compliment coming from Dr. Johnson."

He was quite overcome, and, observing this, Reynolds and Mary Horneck walked away together, leaving him to compose himself under the shelter of a somewhat protracted analysis by Dr. Johnson of the character of Young Marlow. In the course of a quarter of an hour Goldsmith had sufficiently recovered to be able to perceive for the first time how remarkable a character he had created.

On Monday George Steevens called for Goldsmith to accompany him to the St. James's coffee-house, where the dinner was to take place. He found the author giving the finishing touches to his toilet, his coat being a salmon-

party, consisting of Johnson, Reynolds, Edmund and Richard Burke, and Caleb Whitefoord, had already assembled.

It soon became plain that Goldsmith was extremely nervous. He shook hands twice with Richard Burke and asked him if he had heard that the King of Sardinia was dead, adding that it was a constant matter for regret with him that he had not visited Sardinia when on his travels. He expressed a hope that the death of the King of Sardinia would not have so depressing an effect upon playgoers generally as to prejudice their enjoyment of his comedy.

Edmund Burke, understanding his mood, assured him gravely that he did not think one should be apprehensive on this score, adding that it would be quite possible to overestimate the poignancy of the grief which the frequenters of the pit were likely to feel at so melancholy but, after all, so inevitable an occurrence as the decease of a potentate whose name they had probably never heard.

Goldsmith shook his head doubtfully, and said he would try and hope for the best, but still . . .

Then he hastened to Steevens, who was laughing heartily at a pun of Whitefoord's, and said he was certain



George Steevens called for Goldsmith. . . . He found the author giving the finishing touches to his toilet.

"That is the best reason that could be advanced why its success is important to us all," said Mary. "It would never do for Colman to be in the right. Oh, we need live in no trepidation; all our credits will be saved by Monday night."

"I wonder if any unworthy man ever had so many worthy friends," said Goldsmith. "I am overcome by their kindness, and overwhelmed with a sense of my own unworthiness."

"You will have another thousand friends by Monday night, Sir," cried Johnson. "Your true friend, Sir, is the friend who pays for his seat to hear your play."

"I always held that the best definition of a true friend is the man who, when you are in the hands of bailiffs, comes to see you, but takes care to send a guinea in advance," said Goldsmith, and everyone present knew that he alluded to the occasion upon which he had been befriended by Johnson on the day that "The Vicar of Wakefield" was sold.

"And now," said Reynolds, "I have to prove how certain we are of the future of your piece by asking you to join us at dinner on Monday previous to the performance."

"Commonplace people would invite you to supper, Sir, to celebrate the success of the play," said Johnson. "To proffer such an invitation would be to admit that we were only convinced of your worth after the public had attested

pink in tint, and his waistcoat a pale yellow, embroidered with silver. Filby's bills (unpaid, alas!) prevent one from making any mistake on this point.

"Heavens!" cried the visitor. "Have you forgot that you cannot wear colours?"

"Why not?" asked Goldsmith. "Because Woodward is to appear in mourning to speak the Prologue, is that any reason why the author of the comedy should also be in black?"

"Nay," said Steevens, "that is not the reason. How is it possible that you forget the Court is in mourning for the King of Sardinia? That coat of yours is a splendid one, I allow, but if you were to appear in it in front of your box a very bad impression would be produced. I suppose you hope that the King will command a performance?"

Goldsmith's face fell. He looked at the reflection of the gorgeous garments in a mirror and sighed. He had a great weakness for colour in dress. At last he took off the coat and gave another fond look at it before throwing it over the back of a chair.

"It was an inspiration on your part to come for me, my dear friend," said he. "I would not for a good deal have made such a mistake."

He reappeared in a few moments in a suit of sober grey, and drove with his friend to the coffee-house, where the

that neither of them could have heard that the King of Sardinia was dead, or they would moderate their merriment.

The dinner was a dismal failure, so far as the guest of the party was concerned. He was unable to swallow a morsel, so parched had his throat become through sheer nervousness, and he could not be induced to partake of more than a single glass of wine. He was evermore glancing at the clock and expressing a hope that the dinner would be over in good time to allow of their driving comfortably to the theatre.

Dr. Johnson was at first greatly concerned on learning from Reynolds that Goldsmith was eating nothing; but when Goldsmith, in his nervousness, began to boast of the fine dinners of which he had partaken at Lord Clare's house and of the splendour of the banquets which took place daily in the common hall of Trinity College, Dublin, Johnson gave all his attention to his own plate, and addressed no further word to him—not even to remind him, as he described the glories of Trinity College to his friend Burke, that Burke had been at the college with him.

While there was still plenty of time to spare even for walking to the theatre, Goldsmith left the room hastily, explaining elaborately that he had forgotten to brush his hat before leaving his chambers, and he meant to have the omission repaired without delay.

He never returned.

(To be continued.)

THE SIRHAD AND STAFF.

THE CAMEL CORPS.



BAGGAGE MULES AND CAMELS.

THE ADVANCE ON DONGOLA: THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE LEAVING FEREIG AT DAYBREAK ON THE WAY TO HAFIR.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

THE LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Solemnly and seriously let us approach the great question of furs. I hold it is one of the best principles of dressing that every woman should possess at least two fur coats, the one to be of sealskin and short, the other to be lined with fur, sable for choice, and long. This year some enterprising persons have ventured to introduce into the market a fur which they call "electric seal," though why the dyed—or I suppose I ought to say dead—rabbit should be thus distinguished as a godchild of the incomparable seal I know



A YOUNG MATRON'S CAPE.

not. To the innocent mind, maybe the electric seal is exactly like the real article; I suppose I need not say "may be" because I have seen the statement publicly printed (and I believe with a perfect faith in print) that an electric seal jacket is unmistakable from the sealskin. In a certain sense of the word this is correct. I confess myself sceptical, while I further assert that if fortune had not favoured me with sufficient money to buy a sealskin of absolutely the finest quality I would have none of it. I would sooner wear velvet than indifferent fur, and the best quality of cloth than an indifferent velvet.

The humanitarians are at it again. I have just received a pamphlet in defence of the seal which assures me that the method of killing these animals is not guided by pure kindness, indeed it asserts that the seals are skinned before they are quite dead, as this premature action renders the process easier. Now I have never had the slightest desire to contribute to the torture of any living thing, even though I am fain to agree with a frivolous young woman I know who declares that "we look so much better in the seals' skins than they do that it is only our duty in the sacred cause of beauty to transfer them." Yet I am tempted to think even as my brilliant colleague Mrs. Fenwick-Miller, that were the sealskin a favoured fur of mankind, an osprey the artificial decoration which he chose for his beaver hat, we should hear no more of the torture inflicted on the birds and the seals than we do of the woes of the pheasant and the partridge, the fox and the deer. It is not absolutely necessary for our comfort that we eat game; there are other things we can eat and do; while it is surely conducive to nobody's joy that the fox should be hunted and tortured: yet such deeds are permitted to be done, and even to be applauded, while our at most thoughtless gratification of our vanity is upheld as criminal cruelty. Of course we are cruel, the whole circumstances of our lives are cruel; the weaker is invariably sacrificed to the stronger, but it is unreasonable to swallow pheasants and strain at sealskins. And it would make life rather complicated too if when we bought our sealskin jacket we required with it a certificate from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to the effect that the seal had got used to skinning.

But let me be serious and observe that as well as recognising the immortal popularity of the sealskin we are exhibiting great predilection this year for broad-tail, and no smarter style of coat has been devised than the short sac reaching to the waist made of this with very large collar and elaborate cuffs of chinchilla. A lining of pearl grey satin completes such a coat to perfection, and of course the monster muff of chinchilla will be required to put the finishing touch. Chinchilla is undoubtedly a very becoming fur, and, failing sable, it may be accepted as the most

becoming. A sealskin sac jacket, reaching to the waist, with sable collar and cuffs, is another most desirable possession, and this should be lined with ivory brocade. Then, again, the same style may be met in caracole; but this should have chinchilla collar and cuffs, and an admirable lining for it would be a grey brocade I met the other day with groups of lilac disporting themselves on its surface. Supplied with a fur jacket, a dark cloth skirt of perfect detail, cut by an expert, we may contentedly go through the next two months with the purchase of a new blouse every fortnight, and a new hat every three weeks, always supposing that we do not go out in the evening. Should we indulge in much dissipation, we must have that fur-lined cloak down to our heels of which I previously made mention, either in the Russian circular form, with the large collar wrapping over the figure, or in the ulster shape, made in black satin and lined with mink. The squirrel lining, which is much adopted, has not my affections; it is rather a fraud, so far as warmth is concerned. If we wear a sealskin all day, and replace it in the evening by the squirrel-lined cloak, we run certain risk of cold in those dear draughty theatres of ours.

That is a very pretty cape sketched on this page, specially designed for a young matron. It is of mouse-grey velvet, with an appliquéd caracole, and collar and hems of chinchilla; worn with a stone-grey cloth dress, this would look charming. The other costume illustrated is entirely of velvet, in chestnut-brown, with the short cape outlined with lace appliquéd, falling with ends of lace, and bordered round the shoulders with sable; the bodice is tight, and fastened at one side, while at the neck is tied a very smart lace bow beneath the Medici collar. Velvet is a lovely fabric, and happily the Fates have ordained that it should once again come into favour this season. Lovely black velvet gowns have I met, with waistcoats of soft white chiffon, draped with filmy lace; and again have I seen an ideal tea-gown of heliotrope velvet, with a Charles I. collar of Venetian lace round the shoulders. And for children no stuff in commercial creation is so becoming as velvet; and a dear little golden-haired mite whom I know is looking quite charming this winter under the influence of a frock with a tight bodice cut square and low to show a guimpe made of Valenciennes insertion and tucks of fine lawn, the dress being of grass-green velvet. And what a pretty style of dress this is for children, and how easily accomplished! The guimpe need not be made of such extravagant materials as Valenciennes lace and fine lawn, for at least six of these should be supplied for every dress, but embroidery may be permitted to make them, or, again, plain tucked cambric will look well; it is just the touch of white at the neck and sleeves which is so becoming to the baby face. And, if the baby be specially delicate, then may a lining of nun's veiling be tacked into such bodices across the chest; but, in truth, all necessary precautions will be taken with the wear of the high flannel combination beneath. Don't I speak like a mother?

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Princess Christian has taken a personal part in the meeting of the Royal British Nurses' Association General Council, at which the recent case of Miss Breay against Dr. Crichton-Browne was considered. The gathering consisted of thirty medical men and thirty-nine nurses, with H.R.H. in the chair. Sir J. Crichton-Browne defended his own action as chairman at the annual meeting, maintaining that the usual post-office blue lines not appearing on the envelope precluded him from believing Miss Breay's statement that the certificate of registration that she handed to him did refer to that particular letter. Aware, however, that the non-registration, even had it been the case, need not have stood in the way of putting the resolution of censure, as the resolution had in fact arrived and been put down on the agenda, Sir J. Crichton-Browne explained further that he feared that if he put the resolution when he believed that it had not been sent in precise agreement with the forms prescribed by the bye-laws, somebody would bring an action against him for that irregularity! At the close of this statement, Dr. Bedford Fenwick wished to make a reply, but was unfavourably greeted, on which her Royal Highness put it to the meeting whether he should be heard, and ruled that the vote of the meeting was against him, and must suffice to prevent his speaking.

Whatever may be the "rights and wrongs" of the dispute, it must be very painful to the Princess. It is the fear of being mixed up with unpleasant events like this that makes the members of the royal family, the ladies particularly, chary of taking part in public affairs. Few persons know the great care that is exercised to prevent the names of the royal family being connected with undesirable movements or persons—the inquiries that are set on foot before any application for aid receives an affirmative answer; and yet trouble sometimes ensues.

It will be remembered that the Women's Jubilee Offering to the Queen was first suggested in this column and speedily developed into a great success, but that I was not equally fortunate in my plea (when her Majesty had announced her generous intention to expend it on some object for the benefit of the women and girls of her empire) that the money should be devoted to the establishment of technical training schools of industry suitable for women, and for teaching domestic economy in particular—the institutions that seem to me to be most wanting in our midst—but that the Queen decided to allocate the amount to a scheme for nursing the poor in their own homes. The plan for this was carefully inaugurated, and has been very successfully carried out: in all large centres of population, and in many smaller places, the "Queen Victoria's Jubilee Nurses," in their dark blue-lined print dresses and blue cloaks, are familiar messengers of solace and cheer. The Grand Council of the Primrose League

held a meeting on Oct. 15, at which the question of how to commemorate the completion next June of her Majesty's sixtieth year of reign was taken into consideration, and it was decided that the Primrose League shall make a great effort throughout its branches to raise a large sum to present to the Queen to extend and further endow the work of the "Queen's Jubilee Nurses' Institute." Nothing could be more suitable; but it were to be wished that this effort might resemble the original offering to the Queen in being entirely non-party in its character.

It is one of the great glories of the Queen's reign that she has been able completely to put aside her own party predilections, and to give her aid and countenance to all the statesmen successively chosen by the people to direct her Councils. But this has been done by a lady who has possessed strong opinions, and has not hesitated to manifest and explain them on suitable occasions. It is probably because the Queen has so sympathetic a nature that she has allowed the nation in process of time to know so much of how she has regarded polities at different crises, when she has been precluded by her Constitutional duty from expressing her own views to the public at the moment. There is just now some interest evoked by the publication of an importunate letter written by Prince Bismarck, which shows that in 1875 and 1876 the personal influence of the Queen with the old Emperor of Germany and with the Emperor of Russia was exerted to prevent Bismarck from declaring war again on the still bleeding and half-restored body politic of France. But though this has been received as fresh news, it was, in fact, told to the nation long ago by the Queen herself in the publication that she sanctioned, "The Letters of Princess Alice."

In one of these letters, from which politics are, as a rule, carefully deleted, there appears this statement: "Yesterday, again, the Emperor Alexander spoke to me, really rejoicing that the political complications were clearing off peacefully. Tell your Mamma once again how it rejoices me, and to know that it is she who has kept the peace." Again, in an earlier letter: "I told the [German] Emperor the fright we had about the war. He was much distressed that anybody could think him capable of such a thing; but our Fritz [*i.e.*, the Crown Prince of Germany] and Fritz of Baden agree that, with Bismarck, in spite of the nation not wishing for it, he might bring it about at any moment. Our Fritz spoke so justly and reasonably, quite anti-war." This was published by the Queen, it must be remembered, in 1884, while Bismarck still ruled Germany; so that it is clear that not only had our Queen prevented another Franco-German war, but that she felt that she had done well, and that Bismarck was not an object of terror to her. However, the world is only just understanding that she acted at all in the case.

A London daily, giving a description of the grave of "George Eliot" at Highgate, speaks of the fact that "a



A VELVET COSTUME.

nameless stone" stands next to hers, but is evidently unaware of the interesting little fact that this means an empty grave bought as hero-worship. A lady who admired the great writer took her a handsome gift, and was asked to call and receive thanks. The devotion she offered touched that somewhat cold soul, and "George Eliot" by degrees admitted her to such friendship and intimacy that this lady was the only person whom she told beforehand of her intended second marriage with a man just half her age. When the novelist died, her devoted friend bought the ground beside the grave for her own final resting-place, and it still awaits its owner's tenancy.

F. F. M.

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MR. J. RADFORD, 38, Whetstone Park, London, says: "I suffered severely from Rheumatism for many years, and although I tried many remedies nothing gave me relief until I used St. Jacobs Oil. The contents of one bottle completely cured me."

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MR. THOMAS C. TURNER, Manager of *The Christian Advocate*, writes: "I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured me of Lumbago; and it has been equally effectual in the cure of others to whom I have recommended it."

MR. J. WILKINSON, 88, Bentham Road, South Hackney, London, suffered from Rheumatism in his feet and legs for 20 years. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain, and brought about an effectual cure.

MRS. SARAH LARKIN, Burton-on-Trent, 70 years old, had suffered for many years severely from Rheumatism, tried many remedies without benefit, was perfectly cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.

MR. R. STRATFORD TUTTLE, Justice of the Peace, and Captain of the 4th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, of Granard, County Longford, Ireland, states: "I suffered dreadfully with a sprained ankle, and tried many things without success. Rheumatism set in and left me a complete cripple. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil. The effect after three applications was simply marvellous; the pain at once departed, and has not since returned."

MR. THOMAS JEFFERY, Elborow Street, Rugby, writes: "I had suffered with Sciatica a very long time. For two years I could not get a coat on, but by the application of St. Jacobs Oil to my limbs they are as free from pain and stiffness as they ever were, and I can work with ease."

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CHESS.

F PROCTOR (West Bergbott).—In the main variation after Black plays 1. K to B 5th; 2. Kt takes Kt (ch), Kt takes Kt; 3. Q Mates either at K 4th or Kt 3rd—a fatal dual.

H D O'BERNARD.—The amended problem shall be substituted for the original. The British Chess Magazine you will find all right by sending to J. M. Brown, 18, Bagby Street, Leeds.

J H BLAKE (Southampton).—You had every right to call attention to our mistake, and we have admitted it, although we do not think it so serious as you do. But when you go beyond that you leave your fair and just ground of complaint, and are as much in the wrong finally as we were in the first instance.

H J JACKSON (Telaui, Fiji).—The lady would feel immensely complimented by your remarks. We hope our spelling is right this time. The problems shall be duly considered.

MAX J MEYER (Jersey).—We published the one with White King at R 8th on April 11; the other we thought scarcely up to your standard. That now sent shall be examined.

J C HESS (South Kensington).—(1) Only if the King has not been moved to escape from check. (2) Only if odds of two moves are given, when the odds receiver might move, for instance, P to K 4th and P to Q 4th in succession.

A HUNGARIAN CHESS FRIEND (Budapest).—We are greatly obliged for your kindness, and rejoice with you in the success of your brilliant countryman.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2735 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2737 from Evans (Port Hope, Ontario) and Thomas E Laurent (Bombay); of No. 2739 from the Rev. Arnaud de Rosset Meares (Baltimore); of No. 2740 from J Whittingham (Welshpool), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), and W M Beaton (Southsea); of No. 2741 from T Roberts, Tanderagee, T V Semit (Prague), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Castle Lea, H S Brandreth (Ajaccio), J Whittingham (Welshpool), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), T G (Ware), and J Lake Ralph (Purley).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2742 received from F James (Wolverhampton), J Bailey (Newark), T Chown, J Whittingham (Welshpool), Sorrento, Dr Walz (Heidelberg), F Smith (Shoreditch), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), J Lake Ralph, Alpha, J S Wesley (Exeter), Twynham (Bournemouth), G J Veal, E P Villiamy, W R Raillem, Fred I Gross, Bluet, J D Tucker (Leeds), and Bradford.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2741.—By Dr. STEINGASS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 3rd K takes R
2. Q to Q 3rd (ch) Any move.
3. Q or P Mates.

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, 2. Kt to K 5th (dis ch); if 1. Kt to K B 3rd, 2 Q to Q 3rd (ch); if 1. Kt to K B 3rd, 2. Kt to K 7th (ch); and if 1. Kt takes Q, then 2. P to K 4th (ch), B takes P, 3. P takes B, Mate.

CHESS IN BUDAPEST.

Game played between MESSRS. MAROCZY AND CHAROUSEK.

(Flanchetto.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. C.) WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to Q Kt 3rd P to Q 4th the excellent judgment shown in the defence.
2. P to K B 4th P to K 3rd
3. B to Kt 2nd Kt to K B 3rd
4. Kt to K B 3rd B to K 2nd
5. P to K 3rd P to B 4th
6. Kt to B 3rd P to Q R 3rd

Black's careful defence keeps all White's pieces out of the game. Black also follows with further advances on the Queen's side.

7. Kt to K 2nd White might venture forward with P to Q 4th or P to K Kt 3rd in preference to this cramping move.

7. Kt to K 2nd
8. Kt to Kt 3rd Castles
9. B to K 2nd P to Q Kt 4th
10. Castles B to Kt 2nd
11. Kt to K 5th Kt to Q 2nd
12. Kt to K 6th Kt to B 3rd
13. Q to K sq Kt takes Kt
14. B takes Kt P to B 3rd
15. Kt to Kt 6th

This ingenious attempt at obtaining a mating position turns out badly owing to

the excellent judgment shown in the defence.

15. P takes Kt
16. B takes P
17. Q to K 2nd
18. Q to R 5th
19. Q takes R
20. B takes B
21. Q takes Q
22. P to B 4th
23. P takes P
24. K to R sq
25. P to Q 3rd
26. P to Kt 3rd
27. R to Q 2nd
28. P to K R 3rd
29. R to K B sq
30. P takes P
31. R (Q 2) to K B 2 R takes P

There is a straightforward simplicity about this end game which is worthy of praise, and also of imitation.

32. R takes P Kt to B 6th (ch)
33. R takes Kt B takes R
34. R takes B R to Q 7th
Black wins.

Another game played in the same tourney between Messrs. CHAROUSEK and TSCHIGORIN.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. C.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th P takes P
3. B to B 4th Kt to Q B 3rd
4. P to Q 4th Kt to K B 3rd
Black tries a novelty here, which does not fare well at the hands of his dashing opponent.

5. P to K 5th P to Q 4th
6. B to Kt 3rd B to K Kt 5th
7. Q to Q 3rd Kt to K R 4th
8. Kt to K 3rd Kt to Kt 5th
This appears strong, but in reality is waste of time. The position will bear investigation, for, although Black seems

to have a formidable attack it is not sufficiently backed up to be effective.

9. Q to B 3rd Kt to R 3rd

10. Castles B to K 7th

11. B to R 4th (ch) P to B 3rd

12. B takes P (ch) P takes B

13. Q takes P (ch) K to K 2nd

14. Kt takes P Kt takes Kt

Black has no time for B takes R, and the game is now forced in splendid fashion.

15. B takes Kt P to R 3rd

16. Kt to B 3rd B to B 5th

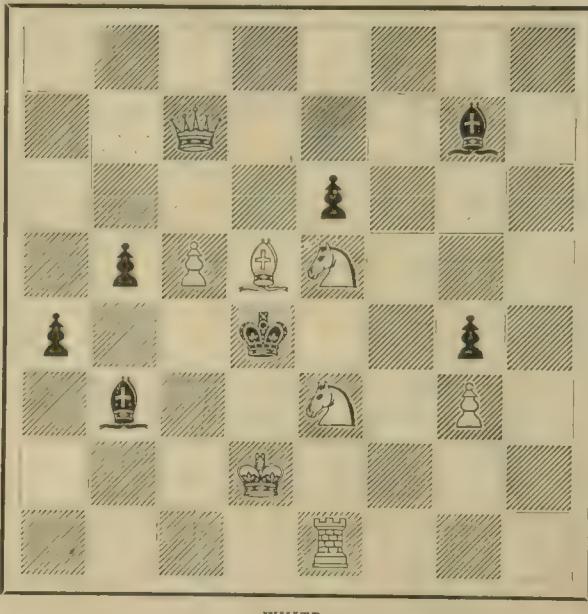
17. P to K 6th R to B sq

18. B to B 7th Resigns.

PROBLEM NO. 2744.

By W. A. CLARK.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

ART NOTES.

The collection of paintings in oil and water colours by Mr. Andrew MacCallum, with which the season is inaugurated by Messrs. Henry Graves, of Pall Mall, will be attractive on many grounds. Mr. MacCallum five-and-twenty years ago travelled up the Nile, and got within sight of Dongola, sketching and painting as he leisurely went along in his dahabeyah. In those days the silence of the scenery was rarely disturbed by discordant sounds, and few tourists and fewer troops were to be seen and heard along the river and its banks. Sixty years have brought the Nile nearer to our doors than was the Danube when the Queen ascended the throne, and the opening up of the Great River's secret is one of the special achievements of her reign. It is, therefore, a happy idea on the part of Messrs. Graves to open the picture season with a collection of drawings so full of historical and antiquarian interest as those made by Mr. A. MacCallum. His visits to Egypt began in 1870, and extended over several seasons, during which he visited, explored, and painted upwards of a thousand miles of the Nile and its banks. Cairo, Karnak, Thebes, and Philae have become the common property of tourists and photographers. But Mr. MacCallum has an artist's eye as well as an antiquarian's love of research, and he has found on his way numerous subjects which need the painter's art to bring before the untravelled spectator's eye. Those whose interest has been more recently aroused by the progress of our troops may gather from these pictures a trustworthy idea of the country through which they have had to march, and will be able to realise better than from all written descriptions the difficulties of the cataracts, and the dangers to which the boats were exposed. Others, again, who have followed the intrepid explorers of the present reign will be able to learn from these pictures something of the dreariness of the deserts to be crossed as well as of the rewards which an oasis or a ruined temple can offer to the weary adventurers.

The Russomania of which Paris and in fact the whole of France has been suffering an acute attack, has naturally brought back to popularity certain artists who have chosen Russian themes for their work. Prominent among these is Jean Baptiste Le Prince, who may without much exaggeration be said to have been the first to reveal Russian life to Western eyes. Le Prince, who was a pupil of Boucher, went to Russia about 1760 and resided there several years. The most interesting feature about these studies of Russian domestic life is its apparently unchanging nature. Le Prince's drawings of Russian shepherds, fish-sellers, farmers, street hawkers, which, presumably, were from life more than a century and a quarter ago, are as true now, and might pass for contemporary studies. Those who saw the peasant droshkies which carried away the victims of the Kodynsky Plain catastrophe would find them exactly as depicted by Le Prince. His engravings are occasionally met with in this country; but his work is better known by the numberless unrewarded adaptations of his drawings which appeared in the earlier illustrated periodicals of the century.

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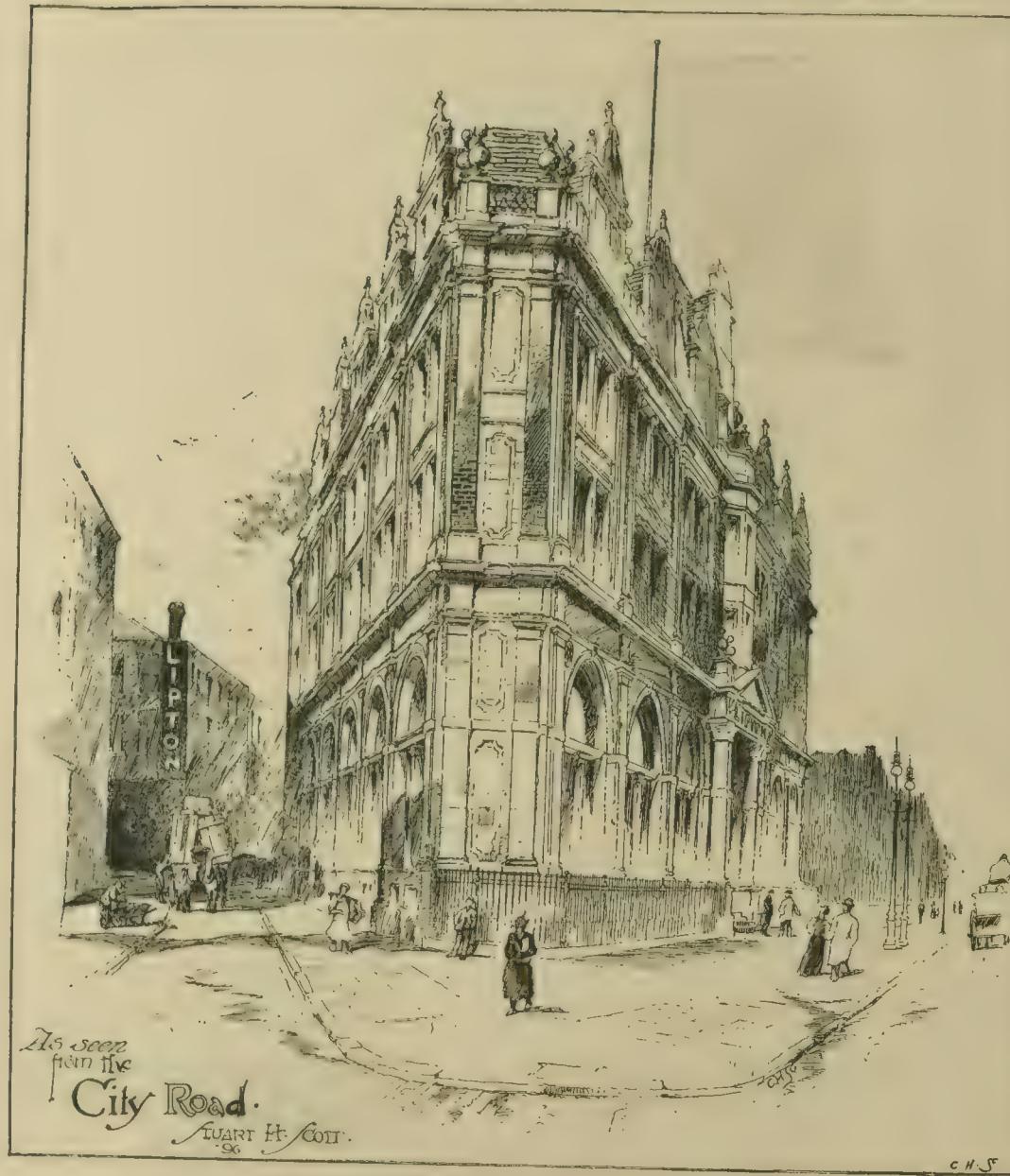
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An imposing addition to the architecture of the great thoroughfare known as the City Road has been made by the completion of the new Central Offices of Mr. T. J. Lipton, "the Tea-King," as he has been dubbed by his friends. The new buildings, which have been erected by Messrs. Grover and Son, under the guidance of Messrs. King, the well-known architectural firm of Fenchurch Avenue, are of red brick and white stone, with a spacious doorway flanked on either side by grey marble pillars. The staff of more than three hundred men and women engaged as clerks is accommodated in a fine saloon with a floor area of some six thousand feet and a handsomely panelled ceiling. Smaller offices conveniently arranged flank this saloon, the most notable being Mr. Lipton's own private room, which is panelled with no less than ten different kinds of wood and tastefully fitted in every respect. The most striking feature of the first floor is the advertising department, wherein are filed twelve hundred newspapers containing advertisements of Mr. Lipton's wares. Other offices on this floor are allotted to Mr. Lipton's own staff of architects and solicitors, whose services are retained for the building, leasing, and other operations constantly required by Mr. Lipton's great provincial organisation. On the second floor are printing works, in which some two hundred hands are engaged in the printing of posters, circulars, and other "copy," and not in one language only. On a still higher floor all the tin and wooden boxes necessary for the proprietor's many wares are manufactured by a staff of skilled workmen. Truly, to explore such a building, to see its ample accommodation for a thousand employés of one kind or another, is to endorse to the full Mr. Lipton's motto "Labor omnia vincit." As a pleasant illustration of the cordial relations which prevail between Mr. Lipton and the great army of



MR. LIPTON'S NEW PREMISES IN THE CITY ROAD.

workers engaged in his service, it is worthy of note that the enterprising proprietor has been presented with a portrait of himself, painted by Professor Herkomer, for which his employés in all parts of the world have subscribed.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 8, 1889), with a codicil (dated Jan. 22, 1894), of the Rev. Charles Leopold Stanley Clarke, of 3, The Highlands, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on Aug. 23, was proved on Oct. 6 by Ronald Stanley Clarke, the son and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £138,990. The testator bequeaths £500, all his furniture and household effects, and, for life, such a sum as with that produced by the agreement for her marriage settlement will produce £1800 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Isabella Clarke; £1000 to Emily Ellen Ingram Jacobs, and £50 to Walter Harvey Shadwell. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, during the life of his wife, to pay the income thereof to his children, Frances Lena, Henry, Roland, and Evelyn Stanley Clarke, and at her death to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 28, 1895), with two codicils (dated March 28, 1895, and Aug. 22, 1896), of Sir John Eric Erichsen, Bart., of 6, Cavendish Place, W., who died on Sept. 23, was proved on Oct. 17 by Arthur A. Fraser and Arthur H. D. Cochrane, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £89,633. The testator bequeaths towards the rebuilding fund of University College Hospital £2000; to the Royal College of Surgeons the marble bust of himself by Thornycroft; to University College Hospital his surgical instruments and appliances; to the trustees of the British Museum the Fothergillian gold medal, awarded to him by the Royal Humane Society; to his friends Christopher Heath and William Appleton Meredith, his half share of the copyright of his work called "The Science and Art of Surgery"; to his sister, Mrs. Charlotte Cuvillier, £2000; in trust for Mrs. C. K. Bayly (now, Mrs. Lyde) and her children, £16,000; to each of his executors £500; to his butler, John Ellicott, £1000; and various other pecuniary and

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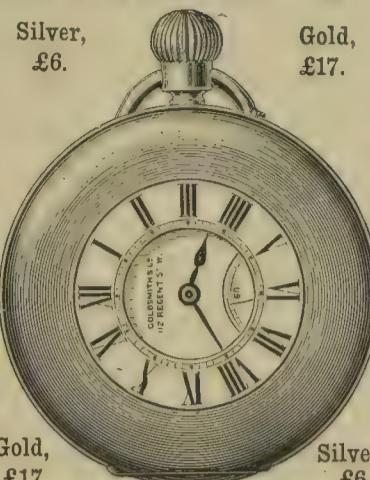
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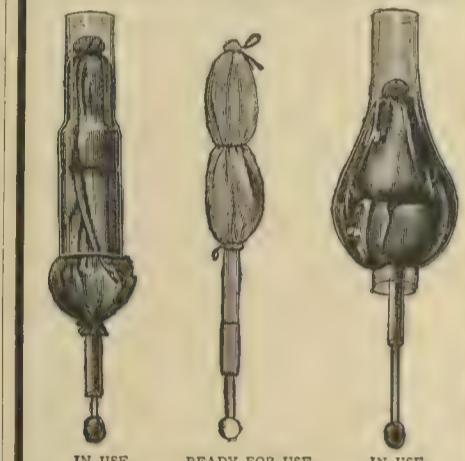
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CHINA IN 1897.

Li-Hung-Chang witnessing the unloading of goods from England, the first tangible evidence of the development of our commercial relations with China, resulting from his recent visit to this country.

Baroness Dynevor, of 112, Queen's Gate, widow, who died on Aug. 5, was proved on Oct. 16 by the Hon. and Rev. William Talbot Rice, the son, and the Hon. Cecil Mina Rice, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £10,857. The testatrix leaves all her property, upon sundry trusts, for her children.

The will and codicil of Mr. William Digby Seymour, Q.C., who died on March 16, 1895, were proved on Oct. 15 by Henry Brougham Wright and Charles Wright, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £7581.

The will (dated April 11, 1895) of Miss Frances Buckerfield, of Tamworth, Staffordshire, who died on July 8, was proved on July 31 by Miss Catherine Buckerfield, the sister, Robert Nevill, and George Lea Jennings, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £5861.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1896) of Miss Catherine Buckerfield, of Tamworth, Staffordshire, who died on Sept. 19, was proved on Oct. 7 by Robert Nevill and George Lea Jennings, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £7724. The testatrix gives £200 to the Agricultural Benevolent Institution; £50 each to the London City Mission and Müller's Orphanage, Ashley Downs, Bristol; £1000, upon trust, for Mary Bindley, for life; £200 each to Clara Moore and Emily Nevill; £100 each to Mary Garner, Frances Osborn, Mary Osborn, Frances Mary Adkins, and Sarah Adkins; and £50 each to her executors. She gives and devises her share of the Mission-room and premises at Tamworth, upon trust, for Mary Bindley, for life, and then to William Bindley, Guy Bindley, and Dora Lean. The residue of her real and personal estate she

leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to the incumbent or vicar of the parish church at Tamworth in augmentation of the income of the living.

The will and codicil of Dr. Henry Thomas Castle, J.P., of 106, St. James's Square, Newport, Isle of Wight, and formerly of Leeds, who died on Sept. 22, were proved on Oct. 17 by Mrs. Eliza Jane Hutton Castle, the widow, and Robey Frank Eldridge, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3070.

The will with three codicils of Mr. Marmaduke Wyvill, J.P., D.L., M.P. for the borough of Richmond, Yorks, 1847-68, of Denton Park, Yorkshire, and 38, Eccles-ton Square, who died on June 25 at Bournemouth, has been proved by Marmaduke D'Arcy Wyvill, M.P., the son, the executor, the value of the personal estate being £1732.



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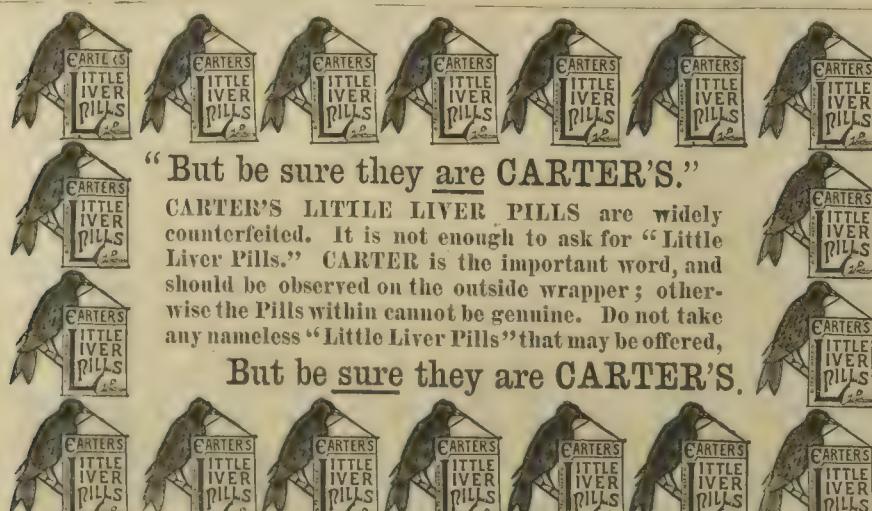
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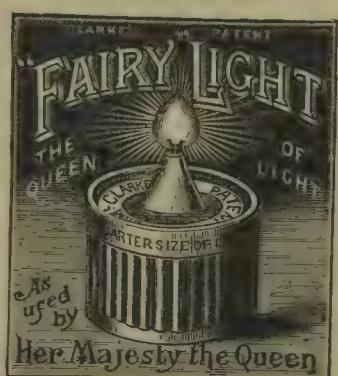
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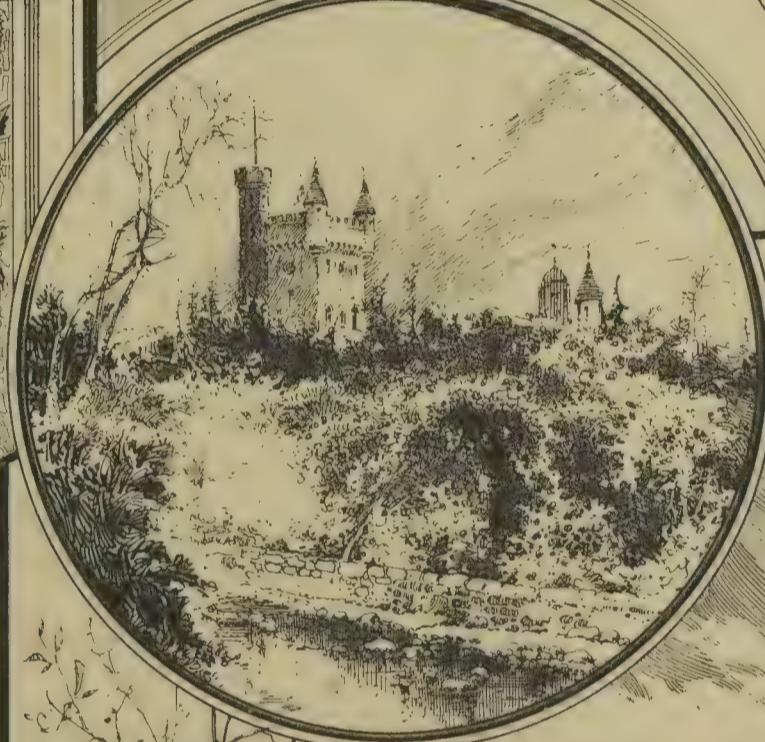
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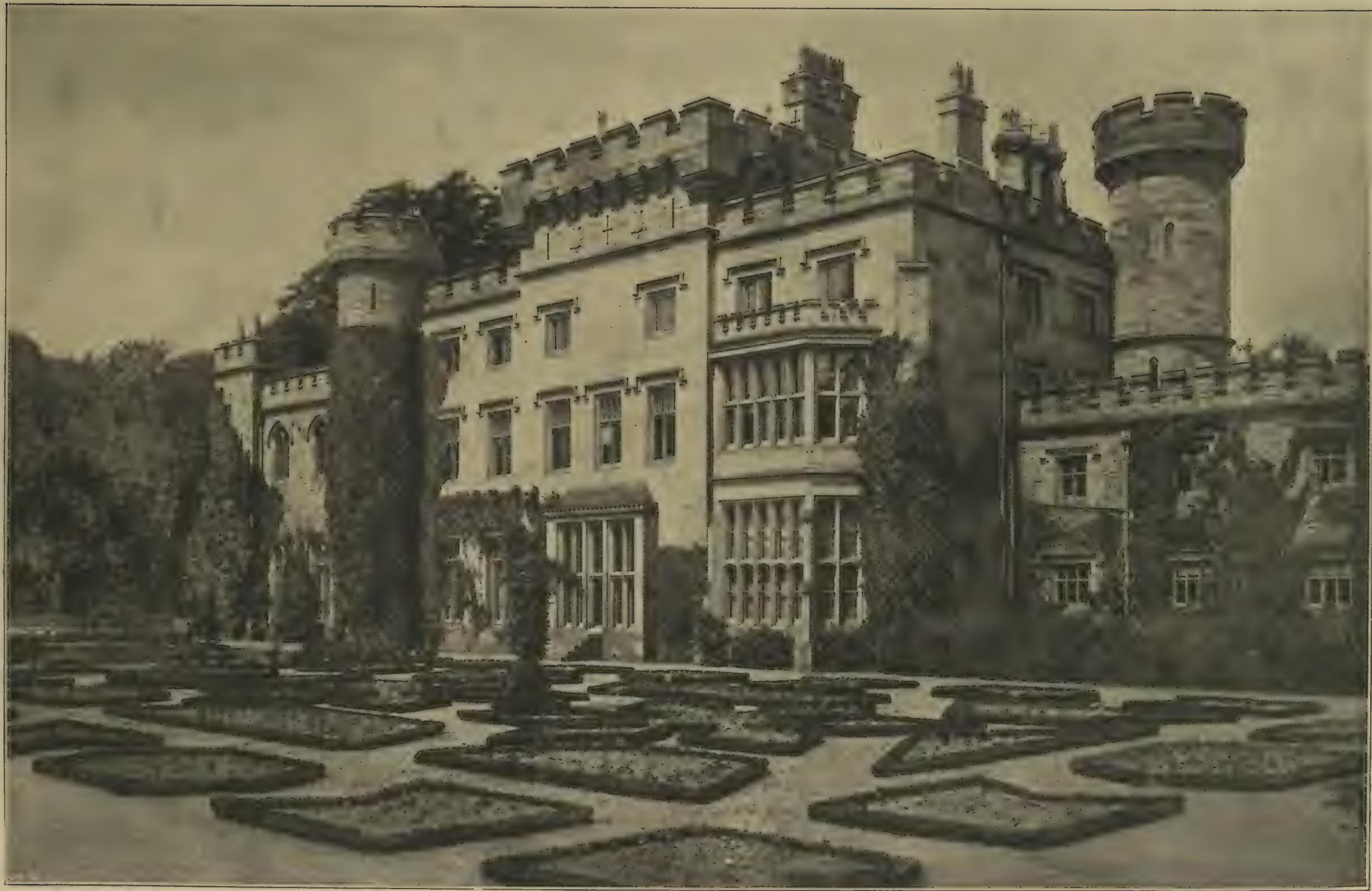
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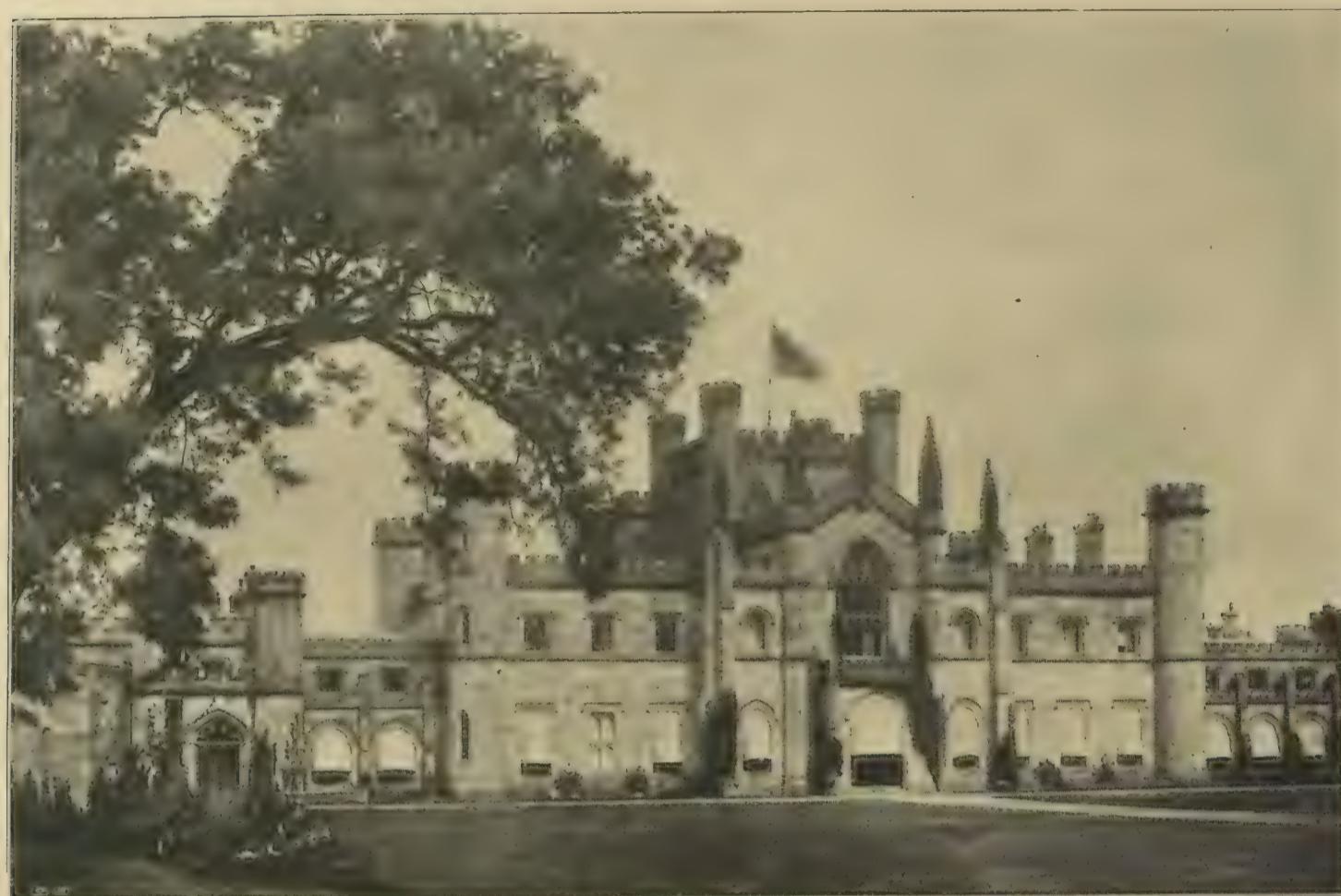
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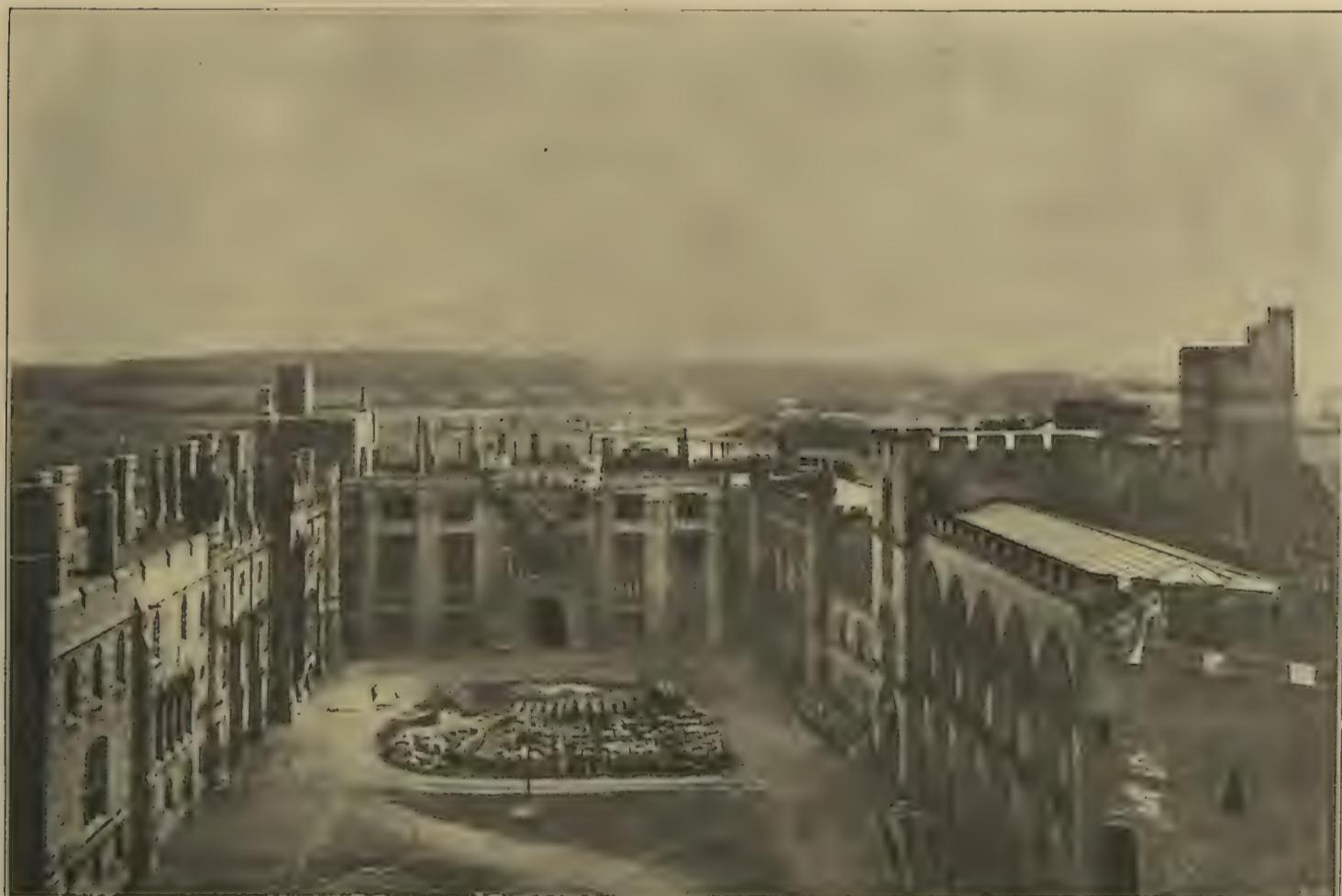
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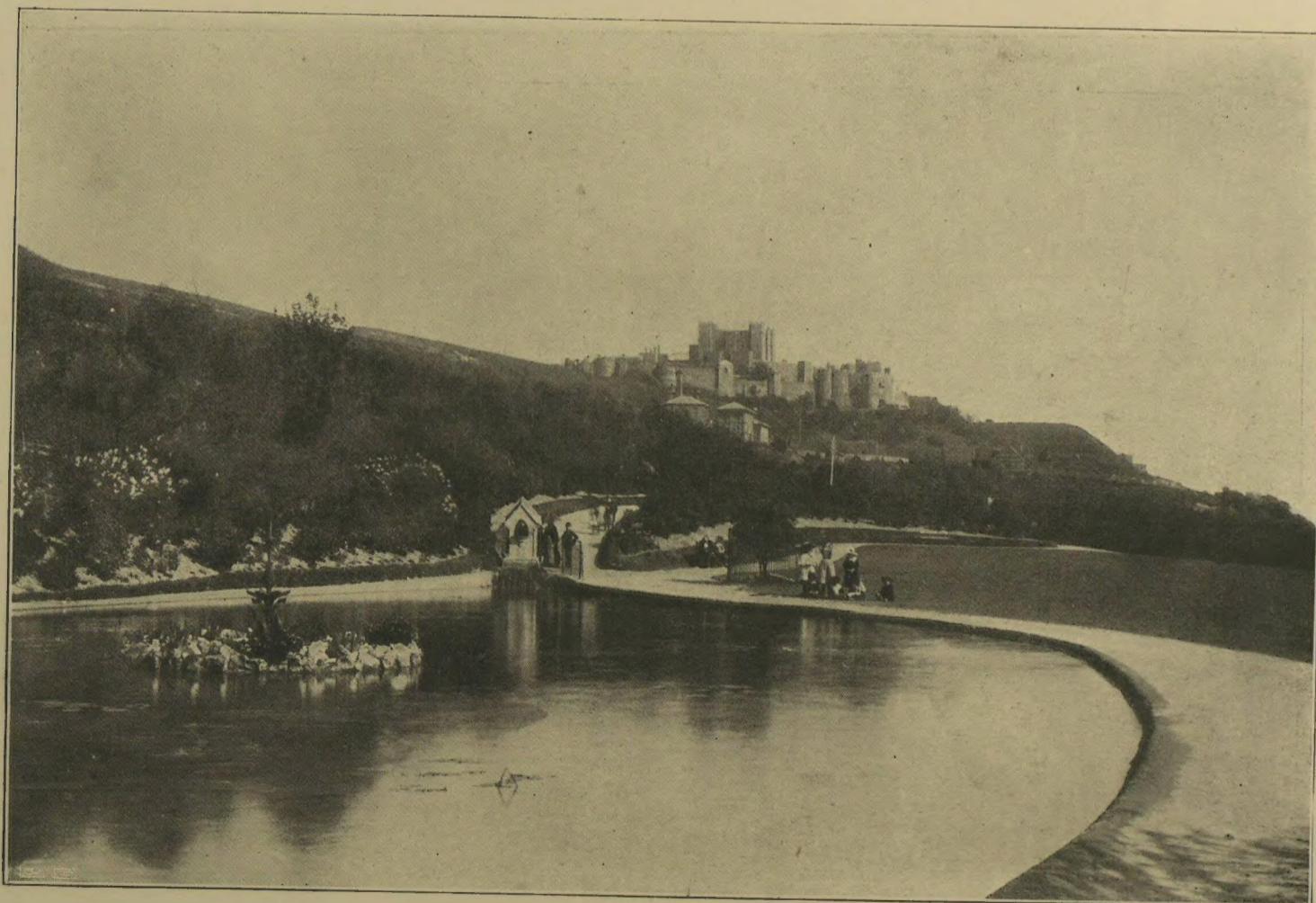
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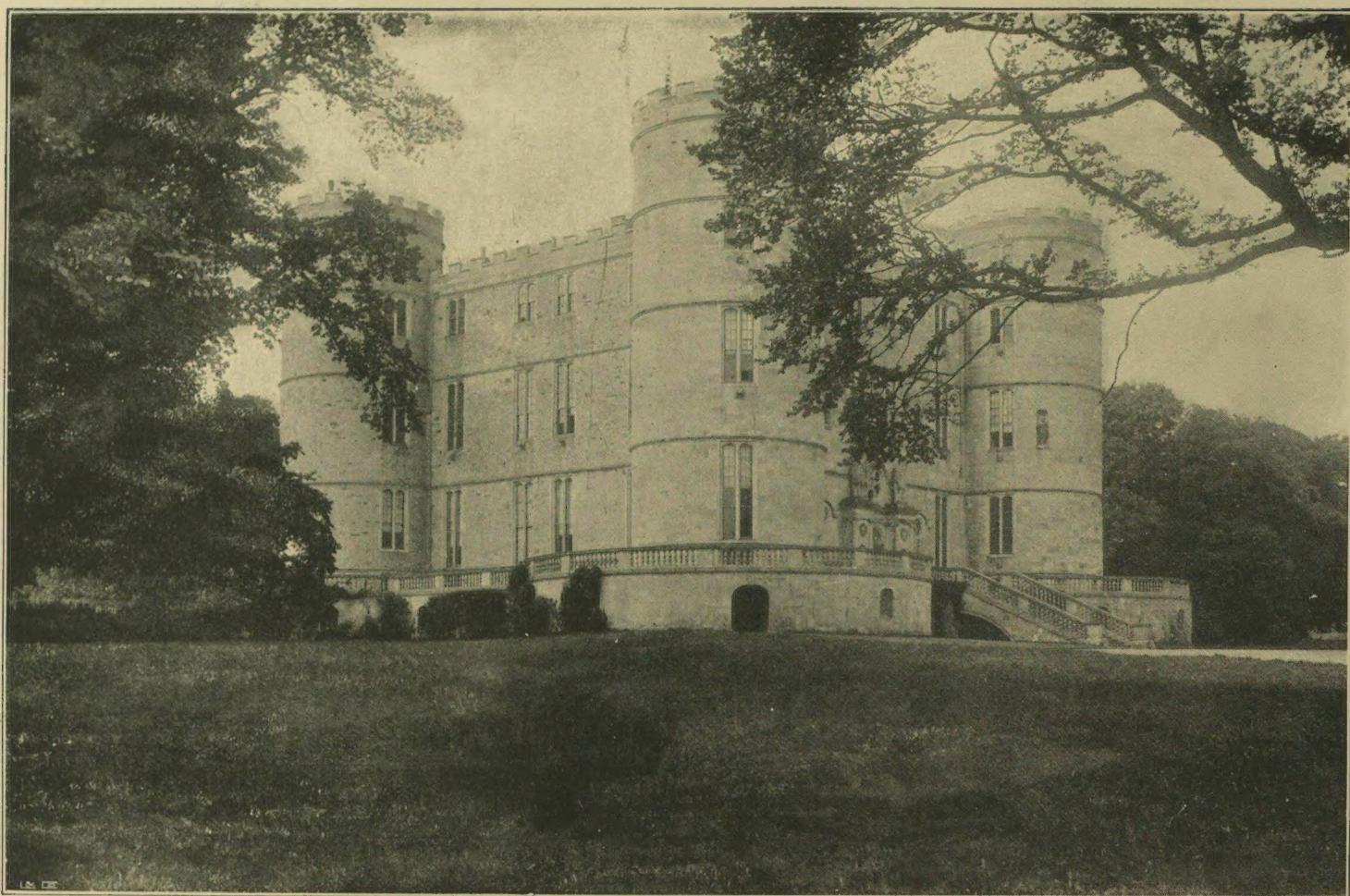
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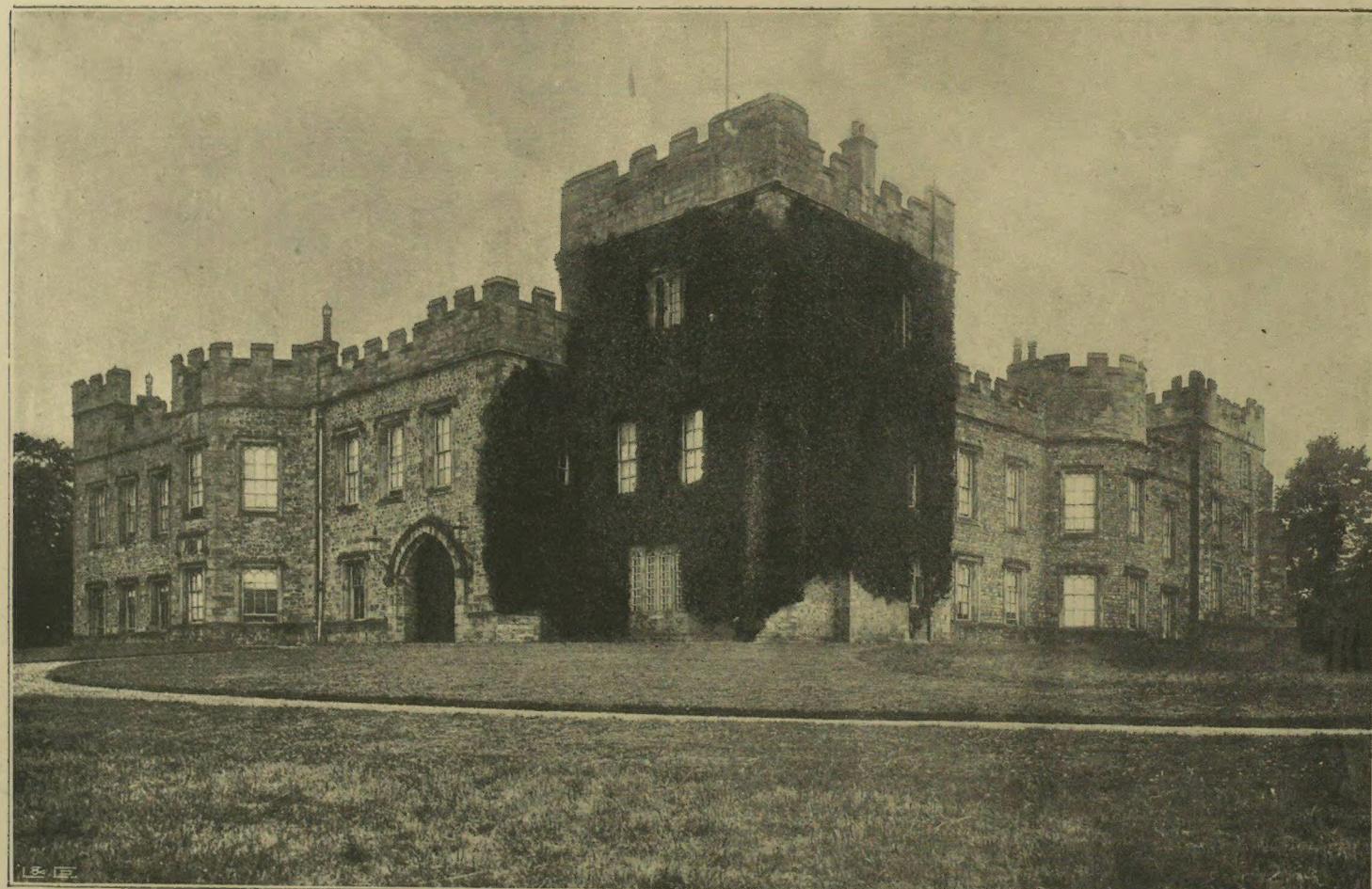
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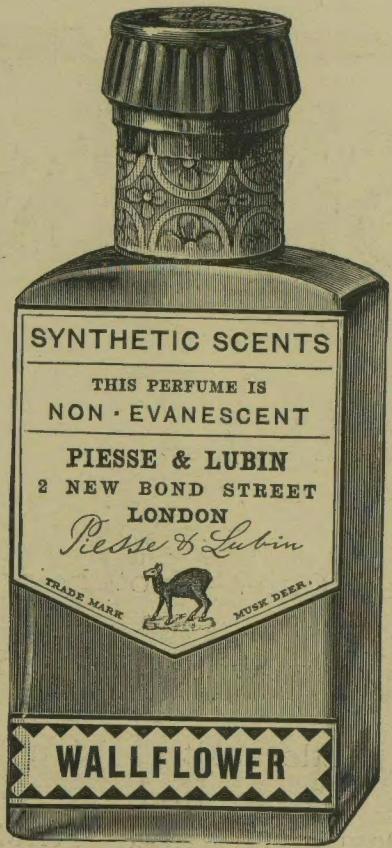
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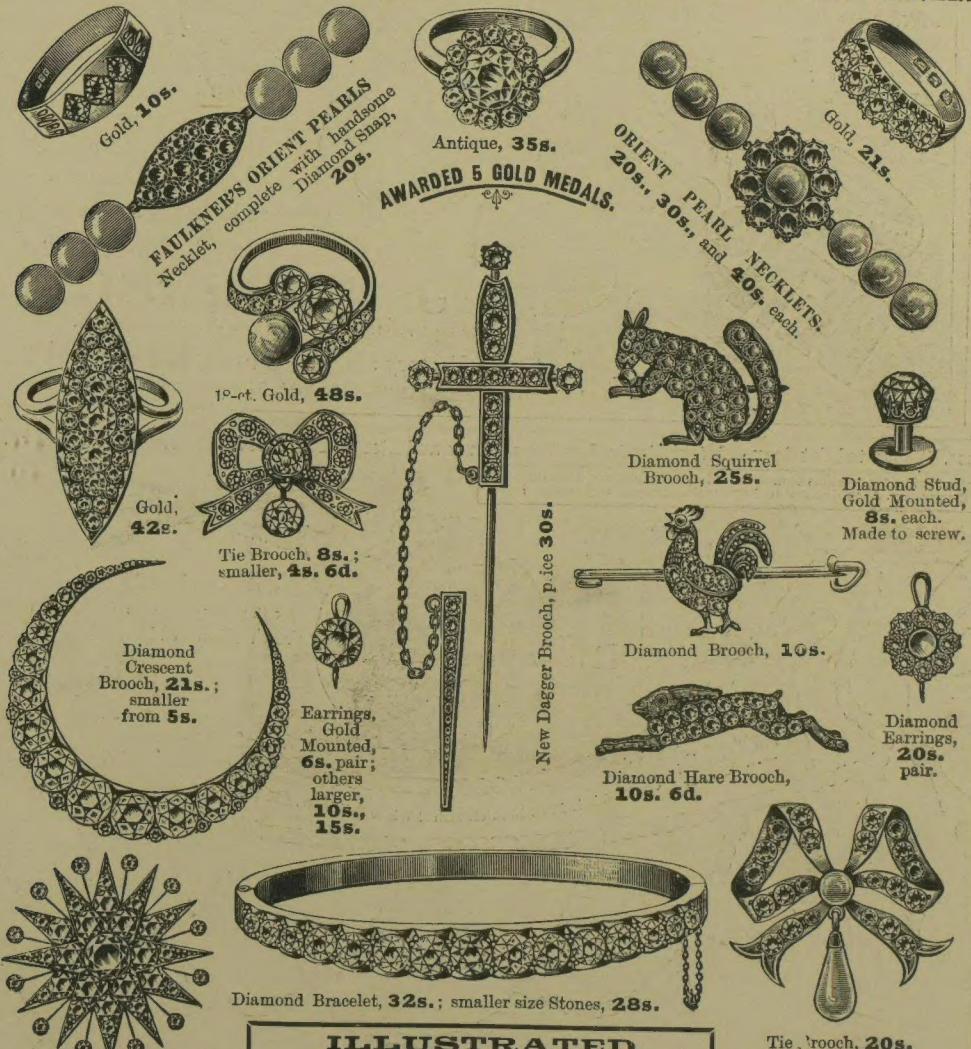
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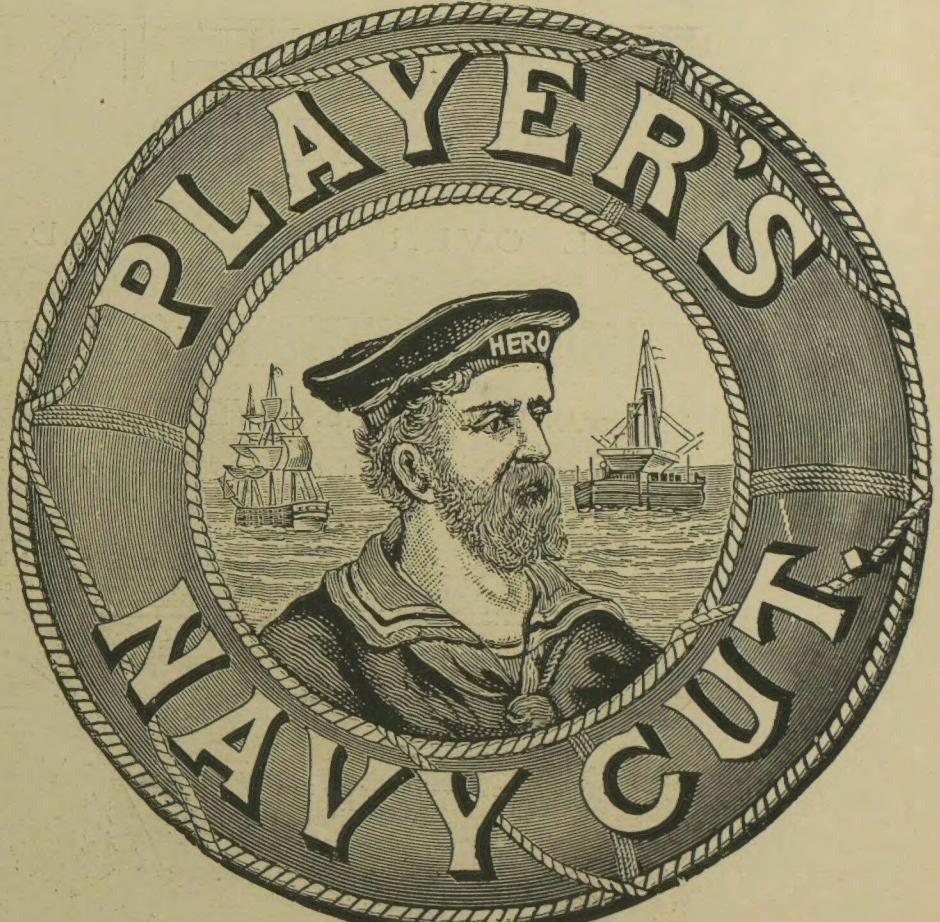
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